

The TATLER

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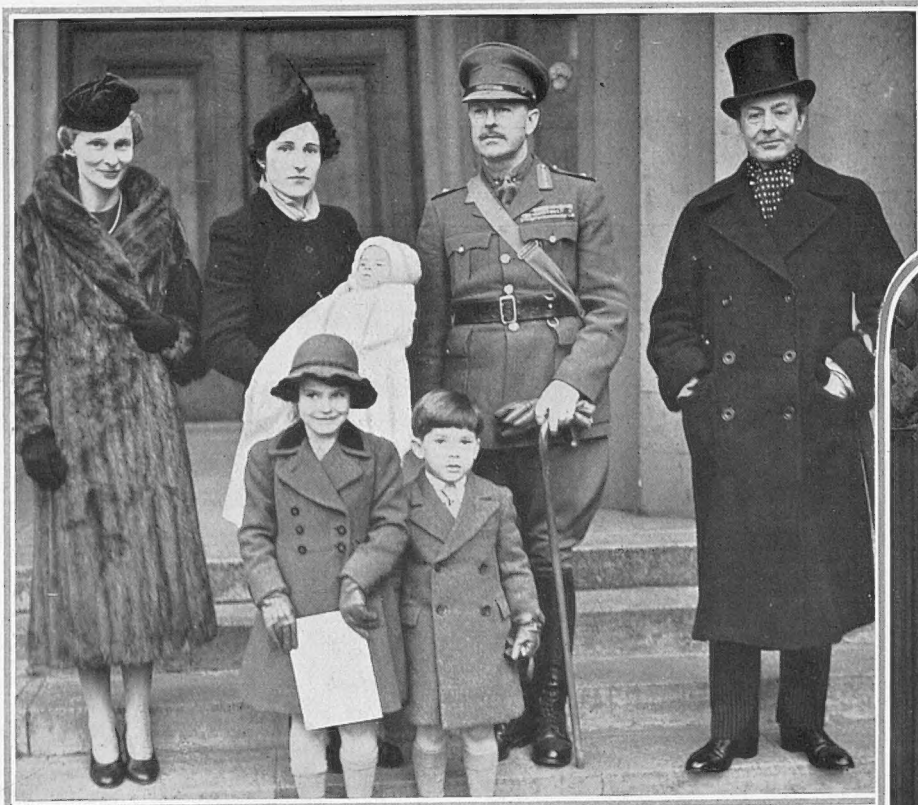


H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

Uniform is nowadays the "wear" for the King's sister, who, like the rest of the royal family, is setting a magnificent example to the country in the matter of pulling one's maximum weight against those unpleasant things we are fighting. The uniform in which Her Royal Highness is seen, is that of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, in which the Princess Royal occupies the important post of Controller of the West Riding district, of which her home, Harewood House, is a distinguished landmark. In happier times Her Royal Highness is one of the keenest supporters of the Bramham Moor Hunt, of which Lord Harewood is a former Master, one of many of his house who have been so

And the World Said—



A GUARDS' CHAPEL CHRISTENING

The occasion was the baptism of the second son of Major-General the Hon. Harold and Lady Margaret Alexander. The general is a brother of Lord Caledon and Lady Margaret Alexander is Lord and Lady Lucan's younger daughter. In the picture are, left to right, Miss V. Mallet, Lady Margaret Alexander and Brian James Alexander, Major-General the Hon. Harold Alexander and Lord Caledon. In front, Shane and Rose Alexander, who are the brother and sister of the baby

LONDON'S Christmas was touched with an unearthly quality; the white mists moving interminably yet always coming back to the walls as waves to the shore, and above this wet blanket the moon; her muted shine disseminating cold comfort. Sounds were abnormally clear, like cracklings in a wood (as distinct from crackling on the wireless) and even those who have pasted their windows with strips of paper (more efficacious against draughts than detonations) could not ignore the Salvation Army's carolling, or the milkman on his only round whistling that carefree spiritual, *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*. The president and Mrs. Roosevelt's reception at the White House ten days before Christmas was attended by both diplomats and officials whose routine, in many cases accelerated and complicated by the war, does not willingly relax after dark. Dinner parties in Washington are as stiff as ever. My young correspondent adds, "when you have to deal with an EX official, then you are up against something! You must listen to all the trivial details of his or her past public life, no matter when it took place—very often pre-War No. 1—without giving away that boredom holds your smile cemented!" He diverges into rumours, more potent there than here, where "Belgium will let them through" has become a serious *canard*, founded perhaps, and if so unsoundly, on the attitude of Belgian business men travelling here who do not mince their contempt for Britain's foreign policy since the last war, holding that it made another war inevitable, while giving the small powers a cumulative impression that England would lie down under any number of blows. How profoundly sad that this criticism should be true! Our mistakes were fathered by Woodrow Wilson who unwittingly turned

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY AT
LISMORE CASTLE

Miss Dorothy Godfrey and Miss Clodagh Anson, who helped Lady Charles Cavendish at this Christmas jollification. Miss Godfrey is a daughter of the late Sir John Godfrey and Miss Anson is the daughter of the Hon. Claud and Lady Clodagh Anson

MR. AND MRS. DAVID RAMSAY
AFTER THEIR WEDDING

The bridegroom, who is in one of Scotland's very few cavalry regiments, is the second son of Sir James and Lady Ramsay of Bamff, Perthshire, and a nephew of the Duchess of Atholl, and his bride was Miss Anne Sisson, a daughter of the late Mr. George Sisson and of Mrs. Sisson of Newcastle. The wedding was at St. John's Church, Edinburgh

the Allies from the path of peace, which was also, paradoxically, the road to Berlin. Germany was not then resigned to Wilsonian ideals of honour and equity, just as she has not had anything approaching enough of this war to see advantages in the Pope's Christmas plea for a new Europe. The Pontiff's condemnation, without reserve, of all recent aggressions, is courageous when one remembers it was his closest neighbour who did in Abyssinia and Albania. The Romans count it a hundred chances in a hundred they will not fight for the Allies, and ninety chances in a hundred they will not fight for Germany; but give the chances of war against the Soviet Union as even. The Italian *vendetta* against England on account of sanctions is cooling, albeit slowly, but though Mr. Eden may have faded out at home, he still rates a curse in sunny Italy! Our short-sighted old country deserves most of these digs from lesser breeds without the law, but when a pal wrote from Florida on a Christmas card "It is universally felt that the present situation is entirely due to the selfish and blind British foreign

policy of the past ten years" I felt irritated, if only at being reminded of Palm Beach in season. Christmas cards were generally acknowledged to be unexpectedly numerous and handsome. Lady Jersey's charming reproduction of the 5th Countess by Romney was matched by Lord and Lady Ennisdale's Gainsborough family reproduced from the late Sir Philip Sassoon's collection. Next year the Ennisdales must show less modesty and circulate one from their own collection, preferably the Alan Ramsay. Lord Darnley's photograph of Cobham Hall recalled summer days in his gardens, while Major and Mrs. Troyte-Bullock (Nina Rathbone) and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gillson (Priscilla Dickson) sent pictures of their idyllically English houses, in Wiltshire and Oxfordshire respectively, Cornwell Manor having been the scene of American-born "Dickie's" Christmas junketings for "her" villagers and evacuees. The number of green Guardees who took this opportunity to advertise their exalted new station struck recipients as rather sweet, but there was nothing sweet about "Billy" McCann's all-Spanish card from Madrid. Mayfairites at home and abroad appreciated the Quaglino brothers' tokens enormously, and I make this opportunity to assure the busy brothers that my remark *re* the changing of their restaurant's name to "Sardinia" was only a joke, though a poor one, designed as a compliment to the uniformly packed state of their house. Got it, Ernest? Now explain it to John. One of the most tasteful professional cards was chosen by the Institute of Chartered Accountants—*Recte Numerare*—and one of the most apt the jumble of press cuttings making a "Merry Christmas" from R. Murray-Leslie, press agent to Jack Jackson, now playing at a new club with a fruity old name—Rector's of Regent Street. L'Estrange Fawcett, the press agent whom journalists liked as Leadley's No. 1 (and we mostly tend to mistrust the pluggers) has edited a catholic compilation of short stories, poems and essays called "Rose Window,"

"Flowers from the Gardens of Authors," an important calendar produced by that valiant septuagenarian, the Rev. M. H. Pimm of Sutton-on-Derwent, who, like the First Lord, believes in brick-laying, having built the village hall



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL V. DUDLEY

A happy picture of the couple principally concerned, taken at the Stanhope Gate reception after the wedding between Mr. Michael Dudley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Dudley, of Linkenholt Manor, Andover, who is in the Brigade of Guards, and Miss Barbara Stern, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Stern, who came out in 1938

himself from the proceeds of his annual. The Duke of Kent visited the completed hall last year, and now the rector is attending to other structural needs. At Christmas he writes personally to every writer on his list. These include James Bridie, who gives his favourite quotation as "Tact is skill in the management of fools," and Rosita Forbes, who gives the exact year of her birth unlike one of the once Bright Young People who takes off several. The daring "Sita's" great friend, Lady Idina Haldeman, has just changed her name for the sixth time—Sackville, Wallace, Gordon, Hay, Erroll, Haldeman and now Saltus. This romantic Edwardian lives in Kenya, and her friends adore her. The Minister for Education, Lord De La Warr, is her brother, and the Minister for Transport, Captain Euan Wallace, was her first husband. One of their sons is in the R.A.F. and the other has been doing propaganda in Greece. André Maurois' saying, "The Englishman's soul is like the English skies: the weather is nearly always bad but the climate is good," makes kindly propaganda in the brick-laying calendar where I failed to find another author of a book on Byron—Peter Quennell—whose "Caroline of England: An Augustan Portrait" embodies delectable Royal gossip with bearings on our times. But Mr. Quennell's assertion that only two hundred years ago Edinburgh was still half-savage is a lapse from accuracy; Edinburgh was—and is, of course—wholly so. In a Princes Street cinema the flatulent news-reel of R.A.F. planes running up and down a field (which, as the beautiful Mrs. Donald Ross remarked, "one has seen before") caused Lady Dunedin to observe that after evacuated children in ideal surroundings, the news-reels might exhibit, without cuts or comments, the homes from which the children came. The best picture in



MR. AND MRS. DESMOND REID

Mrs. Reid, who, before her marriage in September, was Miss Anne Paget, one of last season's débutantes, was happily sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness to attend the Dudley-Stern wedding with her husband, who is a brother officer of the bridegroom

a tribute to "Bart's" by twenty-five contributors, including Priestley (in form again); Eric Linklater (the elusive Orcadian who can write them all off when he tries); Noel Coward and AnnaZinkeisen—young old stars with new material. Writers of every calibre appear on their birthdays in



MR. AND MRS. HENRY BIRKBECK

Another of last month's marriages was that between Mr. Henry Birkbeck, eldest son of Major H. A. Birkbeck, M.C., and Mrs. Birkbeck, of Westacre High House, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, a member of the famous Norfolk family, and Miss Nadine Mary Gore-Langton, only daughter of the late Major Francis Gore-Langton, and Mrs. Gore-Langton, of Little Tingewick House, Buckingham

And the World Said—Continued

London, *Remontons les Champs Elysées*, demands Brother Agate's discerning penknife. Enthralled by the voice of Sacha Guitry I came away from this quasi-historical procession of coffins, carriages and coincidences in that civilized mood induced by French films, consequently ready to appreciate

Mr. Jeffrey Dell's satire on the British film industry entitled "Nobody Ordered Wolves." The trial scene is achingly funny and much too short—but Pinewood, Denham and the rest may not appreciate seeing themselves as sanity sees them. There have been many burlesques on Hollywood, but this is a lampoon on something in itself much funnier, because feebler, than Hollywood, which place, as I told you on arriving there for the first (and last) time exactly a year ago, fulfilled my wildest dreams by looking like Slough, only the climate is colder after tea, only there is no tea, except at Nigel Bruce's house. My Hollywood gossip says Korda has given Merle Oberon a platinum and cabochon emerald necklace. She is making *Till We Meet Again* which Kay Francis and William Powell did as *One Way Passage*. Orry Kelly is designing the dresses, and Binnie Barnes may steal the picture unless Miss Oberon improves on her last effort in *The Lion Has Wings*.

At a Christmas party for charity, the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel was turned into an ice rink, banked with property snow. The Eric Lodgers (no Cannes) were *tête-à-tête*, and Binnie Barnes with Rex Evans who decorated her house, now let to Alice Faye. The all-day Christmas jitterbug session at the Shrine Auditorium, with different orchestras playing in shifts, began at 6.30 a.m. By 7 a.m. 14,000 people had arrived. Such is Hollywood, where they were as sincerely sorry about Douglas Fairbanks as they can be. Fortunately "Sylvia's" sister and brother-in-law, the Blecks (not to be confused with his uncle and aunt, the Biarritz Blecks), were with her. Basil Bleck and three Kordas appear in the Jeffrey Dell book conference at the "Saveloy Grill." At the Savoy Restaurant those who entered for the Christmas gala included Lady McGowan *en famille*, Wing Commander Stubbs *en sextette*, Sir Ronald Charles and Sir William Broadbridge, an ex-Lord Mayor of London, who made light of the fog which kept others at home. An even brighter party was Mrs. Michael Buller's for ninety village helpers and evacuated mothers and children who shared the Christmas tree at Westergate House, each receiving a suitable present chosen in Bognor by the hostess,

whose reward was their delight. Goodwood had a big show for the troops, who applauded among other items the thistle-down dancing of Audrey Tosh (Mrs. George Thomas) who is appearing soon at Kensington's miniature theatre, The Chanticleer, where Mary Malcolm (Lady Bartlett) made her début in a short-lived revue. Parties too late for the last "World" were artist "Dick" Wyndham's and the St. Moritz

annual, where Cresta riders included Ralph Harbord enraged because, not having been called up on the R.M.M.R., he tried to enlist in the Grenadiers, was flawed by his shoulder put out at Shuttlecock years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, who spent their honeymoon at St. Moritz six years ago, were in tremendous form at his brother's wedding to Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell of Yeardsley who, matched by her attractive younger sister Angela, wore a moss-green velvet robe with gold on the sleeves and orchids in her hands and in her tawny hair. At the cocktail and cake party for intimates Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst (lively Irene Dewar) shared laughs with sergeants of the 61st Medium Regiment, R.A. who had formed the guard of honour. They appreciate her work in the regimental canteen. I heard one say to the bridegroom: "Another glass, sir, would make me think it's my own wedding." Well wishers included bachelor Majors "Buns"

Cartwright and David Bateson (both in attendance on Miss Inez Quilter), Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor, Sir Alec Leith, Captain and Mrs. Owen Williams-Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Campbell, lovely Lady Reynolds in a hat of striped *lamé* like Christmas ribbon, Mr. and Mrs. "Bobby" Ducas (he "ushed"), Doris and Guy Charrington, Commander Brian Martineau with wife and son, Lady Chetwode, and, among country neighbours, Mrs. Noel Dixon, Commandant of the A.T.S.

Cheshire. Another bride whose wedding dress had pre-war elegance was Miss Gillian Shepherd, granddaughter of the late Judge Horatio Shepherd. Her wedding party was at the Ladies' Carlton, and her bridegroom, John Hayne, wore his uniform as a private in the H.A.C. At youthful Barbara Stern's wedding to Michael Dudley, Irish Guards, her contemporaries included Lady Carolyn Howard, and her mother's, Lady Claud Hamilton and Madame de Gripenberg who is working day, and into night for Finland. Will you spare old fur coats or heavy clothes? See details of The Finland Fund, which great appeal I announce simultaneously with today's *Times*. And today brings a glamorous night for Cecil Beaton whose pantomime cast was disarranged by Lady Alexandra Haig's accident.



AT THE BUCCLEUCH'S BOXING DAY MEET
AT FLOORS CASTLE, KELSO

In this wintry fox-hunting picture are, telling off from the left of the picture, Lady Brackley, the former Lady Diana Percy, who married Lord Ellesmere's son and heir in April last year; Lady Susan Askew, one of Lord Brackley's sisters, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the châtelaine of Floors, and Lady Margaret Egerton, another of Lord Brackley's sisters



AT AN OPENING OF A Y.M.C.A. CANTEEN

Lady Hillingdon receiving a bouquet from little Jennifer Munro, after opening this canteen hut somewhere in England. Also in the picture are (next to Lady Hillingdon), Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Marcus Pelham, who is a brother of Lord Yarborough, Mr. R. Eady, the Marquess of Exeter, Captain the Viscount Suidale and the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Pelham

WINDSOR BOXING DAY
STEEPLECHASE MEETINGMR. AND MRS. PETER ROSEWORTH-HUNT
AND MR. TIM CADMANMR. AND MRS. PHILIP DUNNE, LATE
OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNTMAJOR AND MRS. CARLOS CLARKE AND
THEIR SONCAPTAIN AND LADY ROSEMARY
GRESHAMMRS. MORGAN JONES, CAPTAIN SIR GERARD
FULLER AND CAPTAIN MORGAN JONES
SITTING OUT BETWEEN RACESMISS BARBARA DUNN WITH
MR. TIMOTHY TUFNELL

It was, perhaps quite appropriately, as cold as Christmas at the Boxing Day Meeting at Windsor, and it was damp and unpleasant. The racing, however, was so super that no one seemed to mind very much. A couple more camera casualties appear in the racing page in this issue, and above are a few more very largely salted by the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards. Sir Gerard Fuller, who married the younger of Lord and Lady Camden's daughters, is the adjutant of one of the Household Brigade regiments, and his brother-in-law, Lord Roderic Pratt, is in the same regiment and the No. 1 of the polo team, of which the adjutant is a great prop and stay. Captain Morgan Jones is in the same unit. Designation of regiments being almost an offence for which any paper can be shot at dawn, the imagination of any one clever at buttons must be invoked to decipher any other information which may be considered desirable or necessary. Major Carlos Clarke it may be mentioned is a gunman, but was formerly a yeoman, and Mr. Philip Dunne was joint-Master of the Warwickshire for part of Lord Willoughby de Broke's time. Lady Rosemary Gresham is Lord Erroll's only sister, and her husband is in the Brigade of Guards as also is Mr. Roseworth-Hunt, who with his wife is seen having a word with a racing well known, Mr. Jim Cadman—regiment again *verboten*!

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Corrosive Criticism

WHAT is there so particularly fascinating about Swiss Cottage that the fog clings to it with a faithfulness above all other faithfulnesses? I am told that during parts of the Christmas holiday all that part of Hampstead which lies above Swiss Cottage was clear as a bell, while even in Camden Town one could see one's hand before one's face. But the Swiss Cottage belt was relentless, and there for three days was I marooned. My plight was something relieved by the timely arrival from New York of Mr. George Jean Nathan's new book, "Encyclopædia of the Theatre." I read this with enormous pleasure and an eye to such bits of it as will interest English film fans. Mr. Nathan is a freak. I mean this not only in the figurative but in the literal sense. He is a freak because he was born without bowels. Compassion and compunction are alike unknown to him. He says those things about the cinema which no English critic says, either because his anatomy is completer than Mr. Nathan's, or because the law of libel just won't let him. Listen to Mr. Nathan on the mere mechanical operation of attending the cinema:

Whenever I go to the movies and wherever I sit, it always seems that the person sitting either next to me or directly behind me has a bad cold. This bad cold is invariably accompanied by an obligato of sneezing which contrives to render either the side of my collar or the back of my hair so moist that I am contemplating taking a bath-towel along in the future. . . .

All the people around me at movies seem to be great conversationalists. Since I have never mastered the trick of dissociating what is coming in my left ear from what is coming in my right, I thus constantly am confused as to whether Mr. Clark Gable is telling Miss Carole Lombard that he loves her or whether it is all about what remarkable stockings he can get at Macy's for forty-nine cents. . . .

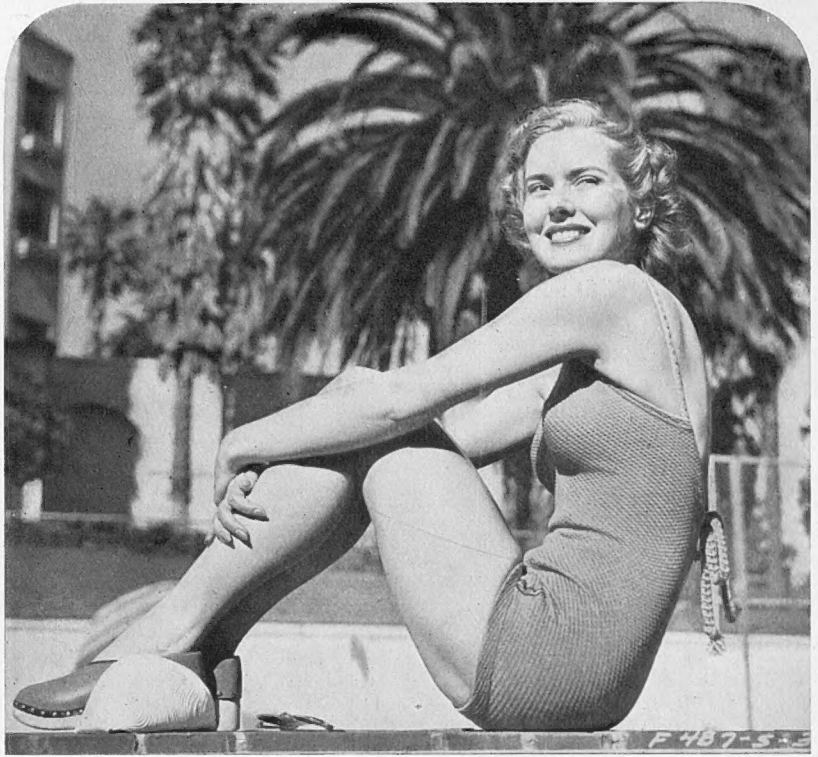
A movie theatre also has a peculiar concept of ventilation. I suppose there are exceptions, but not in the case of the movie theatres I seem to go to. These theatres apparently work on two principles. Either they think that no ventilation at all is desirable, with the result that they smell like a Russian herring cannery, or they abruptly and simultaneously open a door out front and one back stage, with the result that you either get pneumonia or are blown slam-bang forward up against Edna May Oliver. . . .

If you have ever tried the loges in the more elaborate movie theatres, I needn't tell you what you are up against. You may double the regular admission fee for the hypothetical pleasure and comfort of seeing a picture in quiet and peace, and what do you get? To one side of you, you unfailingly get a man smoking a cigar evidently made out of Port du Salut cheese wrapped in alpaca. To the other side you regularly get a hand-holding couple who devote the evening to arguing where they are going and what the girl is or, more usually, is not willing to do when the show is over. And to the back of you, you are pretty certain to get someone who has evidently mistaken the loge for a bedroom at the Hotel Taft and who snores and grunts so loudly that you can't even hear Victor McLaglen. . . .

The little cinema art theatres present the most embarrassing problem of all. They are so small and the screen is so close to you that you can't tell whether it is Charles Boyer or yourself who is in bed with Danielle Darrieux.

And now consider this savage onslaught on Mr. Fredric March. It seems that Mr. March, desiring to prove that he could act as well as film-act, decided to appear on the legitimate stage in a play written round Sir Richard Steele, the English essayist:

To write the play, our aspiring movie actor engaged one Jackson, whose previous dreams of dramatic art had been translated largely in terms of screen epics showing Napoleon



BRENDA JOYCE WHO IS IN "THE RAINS CAME"

The film adaptation of Louis Bromfield's novel has been intriguing London audiences at the Gaumont, and Brenda Joyce was lucky to find a starring rôle waiting for her, in this, her first film. Whether we are convinced by this story of intrigue, set in the framework of a maharajah's palace in India, or whether we are not, some people find it very good entertainment value, with Myrna Loy and George Brent leading

falling for Greta Garbo and the good earth of China populated to a ponderable degree by Viennese cuties and New York East Side Jewish tragedians. To stage the play, our aspiring movie actor engaged one Cromwell, whose producing genius had long been concentrated to such spiritual exercises as shooting the legs of Marlene Dietrich, the ears of Clark Gable, the curls of Shirley Temple, and the posterior of Mae West. And to act the play, our aspiring movie actor cast for the leading rôle one Fredric March, himself, who for years had been relying upon Hollywood mechanical "mixers" to give his voice the proper modulations, upon carefully chalked stages to check and guard his physical movements, upon countless "retakes" to perfect his scenes, and upon the movie public's lack of knowledge of what constitutes real acting to give him histrionic status. The composite result was visible for a few days in the Broadhurst Theatre. It didn't belong there, even for a few days. Its place was on Sid Grauman's Hollywood screen, with ten thousand dazzling searchlights illuminating the heavens outside and with twenty thousand Hollywood art lovers tumbling all over themselves to get the great Mr. March's autograph.

And there I think we will leave the scarifying Mr. Nathan and come to the satirical Mr. Jeffrey Dell who has just given us a novel called "Nobody Ordered Wolves." This is a magnificently hilarious account of what are presumably the author's own adventures in the no-man's land of film making. The hero of the story, who is a successful novelist, upon receiving a contract to write scenarios for a film company conceives the notion of going down to the studio to see what the conditions are like. He is ordered to park his car on some rubbish ground entirely covered with five-inch nails:

Half-way along the road, six deeply-sunburned men, wearing white flannels and cricket pads, were huddled round a brazier, trying to warm themselves. Passing an animated group comprising a barrister in wig and gown, a policeman, two girls in Spanish mantillas and one in a riding habit, he . . . looked about him to see whether any more of the multitude were doing anything. He found two. One man lay on his side behind a wooden wall, breathing heavily on a little fire of shavings in an effort to induce some of the smoke to ascend a three-ply chimney. The other was fixing a strut to secure a ladder on the top of which, quite unaccountably, stood King Louis XIV.

After extraordinary happenings the hero, having completed a scenario about Siberia, arrives at the theatre for the first showing. The curtains on being parted:

revealed a small tropical island so crowded with natives that the least movement would have sent several of them into the sea. From their

(Continued on page 8)

THE CRESTA PARTY AT THE DORCHESTER



MR. CAROL DUGDALE, FAMOUS
"BRAKE," AND MISS SUSAN GILBEY



CAPTAIN HUBERT MARTINEAU, MISS PAM
BARTON AND AIR COMMODORE A. C. CRITCHLEY



MISS AUDREY SALE-BARKER AND
WING COMMANDER WALTER WILSON



MR. AND MRS. KENNETH WAGG
(NEE KATHARINE HORLICK)



MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS, MR. JIM
LAWRENCE AND MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS



MR. EVERARD GATES,
R.A. AND MRS. GATES

The Cresta Ball, that cheery annual fixture not having been considered feasible under the prevailing conditions, this gathering of snow-sporters was substituted and incidentally was no less cheery and enabled all the Cresta desperadoes who congregated to fight a few battles over again. And there were some celebs on the premises, as any one who knows will quickly spot. Mr. Carol Dugdale, for instance, has been "brake" of the World Bob Championships three times. He is a brother of Lady Glanusk and also of Lieutenant-Commander J. G. G. Dugdale, R.N. Miss Pam Barton and "Critch" are perhaps better known on the links than the snow slopes. Captain Martineau, now at the war house, was President of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club. Miss Sale-Barker was the first woman ski coach. Mr. Kenneth Wagg, now in a rifle regiment, married one of Colonel and Mrs. Jimmy Horlick's pretty daughters, and Mr. Jim Lawrence, seen with two more nice people, is an intrepid winter-sporter. Mr. Everard Gates, who has now joined the "Gunmen," is another well-known enthusiast



ON BOXING DAY AT WINDSOR

Snapped between races at the very excellent jumping meeting they had over the Christmas week in the royal borough, Mr. A. V. Wellesley, Miss Diana Norton, Miss Oslo Benning and Miss June Duprez, part of an almost record assemblage

I FIND it a little difficult to understand the mentality of those of my acquaintances who grieve because they will not be allowed to take their horses into battle with them. As one who was born and bred with horses and never drove in a motor car till I was eight years old, I have always loved horses, except the ones which have got beat when I've laid six to four on them, and I would as soon take my beloved dachshund Girleywool over the top with me, as a horse of which I was really fond.

In response to the many inquiries concerning my celebrated dog, who has visited every racecourse in England, has spent many hours in the cloak-room of every restaurant in the West End of London, and is an honorary member of the Bag of Nails, I am delighted to say that she is in the best of health. As she was born in Scotland, as were her forbears for several generations, she is a British subject, and there was no question of her being interned, as one of my correspondents suggests. Fortunately in this war there has been an entire absence of that hysteria which caused people to throw stones at an unfortunate little dog on account of the fact that away back in the past one of its ancestors came from Germany. Just because there haven't been any raids there are a number of mugs who are apt to scoff at the grand work done by the many branches of A.R.P. You can bet your life, if Hitler hadn't known of our preparedness, he would have bombed us to blazes. Their work during these weeks of inactivity on the part of the Hun must often be very monotonous, but as Lord Gort and others have told us: "War is a mixture of intense boredom and acute fear," and our war-time nights may not continue indefinitely to be one long round of fun, beginning at Quaglino's or Luigi's, continuing at the Café de Paris and ending up at the Four Hundred or Embassy.

Perhaps I'm getting old and beastly, but in a long career, during which I must have poured many thousands of gallons of champagne down divine little throats in an endeavour to make their owners say a kind word to me going home in the taxi, I have never seen so many pretty women about.

That famous connoisseur of women, Mr. Monkland, once said to me: "No woman should be allowed to leave the house unless she's draped in tight black satin." Well, this war, if it's proved nothing else, has proved Mr. Monkland wrong. There's precious little black satin about these days, but to my old eyes they look pretty good, be they in uniform, trousers, tweeds or

Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

that semi-military costume of her own design, favoured by a very lovely and efficient ambulance driver. Having seen them standing around our racecourses six days a week, of their own volition, in driving rain, piercing cold and dense fog, in fact, in all the vagaries of our delightful climate, I know our girls must be tough, and with very few exceptions they have come out on top. It isn't their pretty fault that, with the exception of the canteen workers, there's been little real work for them to do. An unaccustomed job, however strenuous, may be a packet of fun for the first week, but after that it begins to seem very much like hard work, but I've heard of very few of them chucking in their hands. How they manage to dance all night after an eight-hour shift beats me. Only recently I was honoured at supper with the company of a beautiful woman who had been hard at it driving and generally attending to a lorry since 2 p.m. that afternoon. I know she wasn't lying, as although she looked radiant, there were traces of a back axle behind her right ear. When a couple of hours later I asked her if she wasn't too tired to go on to a night club, she couldn't have been more insulted if I'd asked her if she had any half-caste children. There are a few little women, however, who think that the war was specially ordained to make life difficult for them, and that their husbands, selfish beasts, could have easily stopped it had they really tried. The only slight compensation is that the boy-friend does look divine in his uniform. This type of little woman is brilliantly characterized in a lyric by Nicholas Phipps, for which I am indebted to Marianne Davis, who sings it with Jane Carr. It is called *We Were Livid When the War Broke Out*, and I particularly like the lines which go:—

"Kay can hardly live at all,
She says there won't be one hunt ball.
The chef of course went back to France
My maid rushed madly to her aunt's.
Civilized life's quite on the shelf,
One practically turns on the bath oneself.
(Practically is the operative word.)
But perhaps the greatest of my hells,
My masseur's moved to Tunbridge Wells.
I'm not the sort of girl that shirks,
But darling, you agree
One simply cannot do good works
They're not one's cup of tea."

Although I've published this little lyric I am unable to accede to the request of the many readers who, as the result of last week's article are clamouring for Major Carlos Clarke's ode to the Minister of Transport. Major Clarke is at present responsible for the morals of the whole of Scotland, and need I add they could not be in safer hands. I am also unable to supply readers with copies of any of Major Clarke's earlier works, though I have been given to understand that tourists have from time to time been fortunate in securing them from guides at Port Said, and from the vendors of postcards in the boulevards of Paris.

The Cinema

(Continued from page 6)

throats, and from the giant Sedlitz organ, and from the panotrope boosters in all parts of the house, thundered for the first time that haunting melody which was to blast its way triumphantly round the globe. The chorus was repeated twice *fortissimo* and a third time very softly, while the lights faded from the sky and the moon rose hastily on the tropical night. The lyric told, in the first person, of a gentleman who, for reasons not specified, found himself compelled to live abroad. He had, he said, left behind him in Malay a young woman of great physical attraction, in whose fidelity—and presumably patience—he had every confidence.

How, and even whether, the Siberian wolves got to Malay is a matter which I cannot go into here. All that remains for me to say is that if I can ever again find two books so amusing as Mr. Nathan's and Mr. Dell's, *Swiss Cottage* fog may do its damndest.



MORE WINDSOR SUPPORTERS

Mrs. M. Peachey and Mr. Anthony Johnson in the saddling paddock before one of the 'chases. The Household Brigade and Brigade of Guards were naturally in fairly strong force. Fields excellent; weather not quite—damp and cold



THE TROOPS RELAX AT NEWBURY. — By "THE TOUT"

A gallery of racing soldiers collected almost at random by our caricaturist, for the Army and Air Force were in such strong force that it would have been impossible to miss a fighting sitter. As to the names, Mr. Bobbie Petre (Scots Guards) is one of the most successful G.R.s over the obstacles; Captain "Bertie" Bankier trained some useful jumpers at Wantage last season; Cecil Langlands, R.A.F., assisted by Major Furber, has some star performers in his well-run stable at Thirty Acre Barn, near Epsom ("Tenor II," "Tragedian," "Kergos" and "Brilliant Jack" are among them); Sir Charles Gordon Watson, famous medico, takes a keen interest in sport between the flags and is also a crack shot; that great celebrity, Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw, one of the stalwarts of N.H. sport, is now with the Seaforths; the Hon. J. J. Astor has recently bought the Aintree performer, "Blue Shirt," and shares his father's enthusiasm for the sport of kings; and, finally, Major R. Moseley has a finer record than many amateurs and very often rides the horses owned by Mrs. Hollins

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



SIR WALTER MONCKTON, K.C.

The principal guest at a dinner attended by many other important officers of the Ministry of Information at the Hotel Russell. Sir Walter Monckton is Director-General of the Press and Censorship Bureau. He has also been Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall since 1932

Enchanting Autobiography.

A HAPPY life isn't only a question of having a good time, except, perhaps, as interludes from hard work. Nothing palls quite so

the surface. Also they are the loneliest. The courage which has to be borne alone is the most difficult of all to bear, but that is how invariably our finest courage has to be lived out and endured. It requires imagination to perceive, and so nobody notices it. But, given a broken leg, and if we have a large circle of acquaintances, we can hardly breathe for sympathy and flowers. It is always a queer kink in human nature to be "in at the death" if possible—be it only to watch the outcome of a street accident. No, the real sorrows of life are the sorrows which we hide, and, because they are deep and silent, they lend to life a certain meaning, give it significance, make us real. And, strange as it may sound, they may also be part of the pattern of a

happy life. For there is a certain happiness to be found in fighting and endurance, and in knowing pain and sorrow and disappointment. It makes us *au fait* with life, and consequently we lose our fear of it and, by losing our fear of it, we also lose something of our fear of death. So maybe happiness is not the right word. Perhaps it should be inner peace. Anyway, both have a strange way of coming to much the same thing in the end; though laughter is not associated with it at all, and anything which sounds like a determination to be the "life and soul of the party" grates, like screaming children in a playground when we are listening to fine music.

By this standard I judge Lady Fortescue's moving and enchanting autobiography, "There's Rosemary . . . There's Rue . . ." (Blackwood; 12s. 6d.), to be the story of a happy life. Nevertheless, it is the story of a gallant fight, often against odds, and the end was loss and loneliness. But it is illuminated every step of the way by a great understanding, a great love. If you are fighting for the happiness of someone you deeply love, that is something deeper and lovelier than mere joy. Whatever befall—sorrow, disappointments, seeming disaster—they only knit one more closely to the purpose of life, and the more beautiful, which is the more unselfish, that purpose may be, the deeper that love and the more satisfying the ultimate retrospect. I have rarely read an autobiography which made one more intimate with a life than Lady Fortescue's.

Always she seems to have had the gift of immediately making *real* people like her. Perhaps because she must have been so real herself. Consequently, this story of her life is a real story—real in the nicest human sense. And in spite of the fact that at the end of it everything she had worked for, lived for, laughed with and enjoyed came to an end when her husband, Sir John Fortescue, died, I for one—although the last scene of all brought a lump to my throat—envy her, rather than pity her.

What lovely memories she still has! Memories of a love, a complete understanding, an unswerving devotion on both sides, which nothing so long as life lasted could destroy. Existence had been a hard fight, but a brave one, and the fight had always been worth while because an unselfish love had inspired it. And that's just about the only kind of fight which is well worthy of the struggle. Moreover, her childhood, as the daughter of a Suffolk clergyman, is a perfect memory. Her parents were devoted to each other; so the home atmosphere was better than the finest education. They were also originals, and consequently they brought up their children as grown-ups. It was not, therefore, so surprising when the writer, as a young girl, decided to go on the stage, that both her parents more than met her ambition half-way. She appeared on the London stage, and her account of her fortunes and misfortunes is delightfully entertaining. She also met most of the leading players at that time. For me, one of the most amusing stories—amusing because so characteristic of the very great actress—concerns Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose daughter, Stella Patrick Campbell, married the writer's elder brother. "Domestic details maddened her, and I can see her now entering Stella's bedroom, her great,

(Continued on page 12)



VICE-ADMIRAL CECIL USBORNE

The Director of the Censorship Division at the Ministry of Information was another of the distinguished people at the dinner at the Hotel Russell. Admiral Usborne invented the apparatus which led to the introduction of paravane mine-protection and was Director of the Naval Intelligence Division, 1930-32

quickly as a good time; or, rather, what passes for good times in the imagination of those who otherwise are devoid of imagination. I know it sounds dreadfully pedantic to declare that the happiest life is the life with a definite purpose, but such I believe it is. Nor do I mean ambition: at least, ambition for oneself. The one-way life, like the one-way mind, is a dreary exhibition, if the only person marching along that one way is yourself. No, the happiest life is really the life which has a purpose other than our own glorification. The worst of achieving a life-long ambition is that, when the ambition is achieved, there doesn't seem to be anything else to live for except self-congratulation. That is why middle-aged men who have been singularly successful are often such bores to themselves and other people. Success goes so easily to most people's heads, and it is not difficult to suspect oneself of being just a little superhuman because we can crow without permission on our own dung-hill, admired by all hens. Often I suspect the really happiest lives of all do not outwardly look successful at all! They may have been full of sorrow and disappointment and renunciations, but, nevertheless, life has had some purpose, some unselfish object to perform, and so it has all seemed worth while. Besides, sorrow and disappointment and loss deepen the colouring of existence: that is, if the life within us has nevertheless triumphed over them to attain a certain inner peace.

Unless one is terribly young, those who have never known sorrow and disappointment aren't worth knowing. They are like talking to faded children: mildewed adolescents. After a short period of bright chit-chat, there is absolutely nothing else to say. Within an hour they are dumb, and we find ourselves talking a different language. No wonder, in their desire to get even, so to speak, with those who have endured and won out, they dramatise their very slightest afflictions! The moaners have never anything to moan about except the fear that the world may not listen to their moans. I have always found that those who really have lived the hardest life are the most brave and cheerful on

CELEBRITIES SEE NEW YORK NIGHT LIFE AT EL MOROCCO



M. AND MME. ALEXANDER KERENSKY
AND (CENTRE) ALMA CLAYBURGH



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT
SUPPING AT EL MOROCCO



MR. GEORGE PEABODY CONVERSE AND
MRS. CONVERSE (ANITA STEWART)



M. SERGE RUBINSTEIN, THE ARCHDUCHESS MARTA, LADY KERR-
CLARK-KERR AND THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF



MR. AND MRS. JACK WILSON, THE RT. HON. A. DUFF COOPER,
MRS. WILLIAM PALEY AND DR. RUDOLPH KOMMER



"CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER" (MR. M. H. B. PAUL)
AND MISS BETH LEARY

Manhattan's famous 54th Street rendezvous, El Morocco, is always a magnet for notable visitors to New York who want to see the city at its gayest, and a photographic tour of its *banquettes* one night recently brought out a great gathering of international "celebs." The ex-First Lord, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, is at present making a lecture-tour of the States, putting forward a British view of the situation. An interesting historical touch is the presence in a New York night spot of Alexander Kerensky, who for a few short months in 1917 vainly attempted to find some compromise between the two extremes of Governmental savagery that seem to be the lot of the Russian (and, alas! neighbouring) people. Lady Kerr-Clark-Kerr is the beautiful Chilean wife of our very energetic and able Ambassador to China, whose hard work and skill have done much to raise this country's prestige in that much-troubled land



LADY DIANA COOPER
AND MR. WILLIAM PALEY

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

tragic eyes smouldering, and declaiming passionately: 'They tell me there is no more toilet-paper in the house. How can I be expected to act a romantic part and remember to order toilet-paper?'"

It was at a garden-party at Max Gate, given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, that she first met John Fortescue. Always she had pictured the man she wanted to marry, and here he was. So much older than herself, but what is age where complete devotion and understanding exist? This earlier part of the love-affair is beautifully told; not the less beautiful because the funnier side of love—funny, that is, when you look back on it—is related with, so to speak, a smile. After her marriage, she retired from the stage and went to live with her husband in his quarters in Windsor Castle. There is one most charming description here of a quiet evening spent with the Royal Family. An evening when charades were suggested, and Queen Mary seemed depressed when she was given the rôle of Queen Elizabeth. "John, seeing at once that her Majesty seemed depressed by this idea, expressed his opinion that some more original rôle should be chosen for her, and suggested that we should do the exit from the Ark, he and I representing Mr. and Mrs. Noah, and the rest of the company birds, beasts and insects. Whereupon the Queen's face brightened, and, with great animation, she said: 'And I will be the homely flea!' 'No, Ma'am,' I said, 'In that green-and-gold dress you would make a wonderful grasshopper.' 'But I am not sure I know how to hop,' her Majesty demurred, and forthwith began to practise high and elegant hops. When the moment came for her entrance, her performance was so spirited and so excellent that the enraptured audience gave her a long round of applause. We had a happy and uproarious evening, and Queen Mary was the life and soul of it."

The Fortescues, however, were not rich. It became necessary, somehow, to augment their income, if the great History of the British Army were to be finished without Sir John having to fritter away his time and energy by other work. So it came about that Lady Fortescue, in a desperate attempt to help her husband, started, all amateur and ignorant, to build up a dress-making business, a business which eventually developed into the famous firm of "Cintra." Her experiences and adventures are delightfully related, and when the *débâcle* of the American tour fell upon her, thanks to political slanders about her husband's book, we, too, feel something of the tragedy.

The last years of the autobiography describe life in a little rural villa on the French Riviera behind Cannes. And if you have already read the same writer's enchanting "Perfume from Provence" and "Sunset House," you will know how delightfully vivid and amusing these chapters are. They

close, however, on a note of such sadness that they bring tears to the eyes. Sir John's health, at first slowly and then quickly, deteriorated. He died; and this autobiography, which is also his own life-story and the portrait of a very great gentleman, comes to an end. "When the Chaplain had pronounced the final words of the blessing, 'And give you peace, now and evermore,' I stole out into the garden and stared across a sea of olive-trees, silver against an indigo sky, to a white ribbon of road which threaded through them. As I looked, suddenly a glorious rainbow shone forth, completely spanning it, and under this radiant bridge rushed a great car. I saw a flash of colour—red, white and blue. . . . Then the storm broke, and thunder roared a last salute." Thus ends an enchanting autobiography

which, besides its variety of circumstances, its personal anecdotes, concerning, among others, Bernard Shaw, "Elizabeth," Hardy, Tree, Anstey and the Royal Family, is the story of a great love, a great fight, and—if beautiful memories be success—a great victory.

Stage Reminiscences.

One of Lady Fortescue's managers, during the time when she was a young actress, was the late Trevor Lowe, whose sudden death brought such unhappiness to the gallant little company of players he was about to send on tour. His widow, so well known and beloved as that great character actress, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, has just written a most readable little book of reminiscences called "Through an Old Stage Door"

(Muller; 7s. 6d.). She comes, of course, from a very old theatrical family; nevertheless, success only came to her at last after years of hard work and disappointments, *viâ* the Provinces, and not, as is too often the case to-day, through a Mayfair drawing-room. Her mother, a formidable lady, who usually was the lovely, persecuted heroine for ten months of the year, and a dashing principal boy at Christmas, was for many years a member of the famous Kendal Company. Some amusing and characteristic stories are told of Mrs. Kendal, who was far more formidable at any time than even Miss Fairbrother's mother was in the domestic circle. Indeed, for anybody interested in that struggle which is going on the stage and keeping there, this is a thoroughly readable, thoroughly interesting book. And, again, it is another life-story of high courage;

those tremendous ups and downs which make life exciting, though they have nothing to do with happiness as the good-timers believe they know what happiness means. If you are interested in the theatre, you will thoroughly enjoy this book.



LADY DOWNE AND HER TWO SONS
AT WYKEHAM ABBEY

Lord and Lady Downe's two little sons are the Hon. John and the Hon. James Dawnay, of whom another picture below. Lord Downe was in the Reserve of the Grenadier Guards, but has now got a Brigade and gone on service. Lady Downe is a daughter of the late Mr. Christian Bahnsen, of Passiac, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Bahnsen, and was married in 1928



Photos: Victor Hey

THE HON. JAMES DAWNAY

FIGHTING UNITS: No. 13



AN INFANTRY RECORD AND PAY OFFICE—BY "MEL"

As every old soldier knows, one of the most important items of his equipment is his last pay certificate, for it is as good as a banknote. The caricaturist collected his gallery of portraits at one of the hives of industry where pay certificates are foaled, and judging by the smiling countenances it must be one of the few places where people can shell out and look pleasant about it. A Record and Pay Office may not be exactly a fighting unit, but no one who goes to war can do without pay, and the country that can go on paying for the longest period inevitably wins

NEXT WEEK—AN R.A.F. COMMAND



JOSELINE GAEI AS MADAME DE POMPADOUR

This elegant eighteenth-century scene is taken from Sacha Guitry's new "historical diversion," *Remontons les Champs-Élysées*, now running at the Academy Cinema, of which a further picture and account appear on the opposite page

TRÈS CHER—Since initials are, to quote a young friend of mine, "fashionable," I have decided to write O.G.G., after my name and, one thing leading to another, follow this up with T.Y.T.A.! On my way home from the Champs-Élysées yesterday evening I found the usual dense crowd at the Metro Marbeuf station. The queue of those short-sighted unfortunates lined up outside the ticket-office who had run short of their supply of tickets (one can buy them in advance in booklets of ten, and as many tens as one likes) was impressive. In the middle of the crowd I saw three R.A.F. lads who appeared to be anxiously computing the time it would take them to reach the *guichet* and get from there to the trains. Having plenty of tickets myself I rescued them and, our ways happening to lead in the same direction as far as the Concorde, of course we got a-talking. It was their first visit to Paris, and there was no end to the things they wanted to know. I was able to give them quite a few hints and, best of all, tell them that next time they are here the Leave Club, that was so popular in the latter part of the Other Great War and the year following Armistice, will be open in the same old quarters, thanks to the generosity of the late Baron Emile d'Erlanger, at 8 bis Place de la République and, again, Miss Decima Moore (now Lady Moore-Guggisberg, C.B.E.) will be the beloved little mother of all their world.

Twenty-three years ago (correct me if I can't count) the Leave Club was providing lodging, meals and amusements to a daily average of some two hundred sailors, soldiers and airmen from all parts of the Empire. Now, in 1939, Lady Guggisberg is again in Paris actively pushing on arrangements to make the club the same success as it was in those days, and by the time this reaches you it will be in full swing. She is supported by a strong committee of which Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador, is President and Mr. H. Stanford London, the British Consul General, chairman. Volunteers are eagerly rolling up to act as guides, bottle-washers, sock-knitters (and maybe darners), tea-cake-toasters, gramophone-winders and—most important of all—sympathetic listeners to every lad in need of their services. I confess to making a date with my three R.A.F.

Priscilla in Paris

boys to meet there when they get their next leave. I promised to be waiting near the teapot; knitting, woolly shawl and sympathetic ear complete.

By the way, I must not forget to mention that the initials with which I henceforth intend to decorate my name are of my own choice. O.G.G. stands for "Ole Gal Guide" and T.Y.T.A.—"Tell Your Troubles to Auntie"! And this brings me to another small observation anent *la Guerre* that is such a different *Guerre* to the Other One. 'Tis about the Petticoat Question! For there is one, although so many women have shoe-horned themselves into trowsis not caring a damn what they look like from the rear, poor fools! *La Vie Parisienne*—I write of the famous weekly magazine that was the joy of the troops of '14-'18, not of Life-as-she-is-lived in this city—has ceased to appear. Legs and lingerie no longer seem to appeal to youth and middle age. *Les vieux messieurs*, no doubt from force of habit, still pretend to get a kick out of the Millière drawings that hang in their old-fashioned, *Art Nouveau* bedrooms and profess to deplore Henri Fournier's sketches of sporty, sexless wenches, but then there are so few *vieux messieurs* left that their opinion carries no weight.

Compared to what it was a few years ago, the Paris variety stage shows great discretion and dresses its chorus ladies with positive chastity. The *mannequins du nu* at the Casino de Paris appear in two or three scenes where, in the old days, they even managed to get themselves included with joyful effect in such historical tableaux as "Napoléon retour d'Elbe" or "Jeanne d'Arc à Domrémy"!

As for our leading ladies, the frocks they wear for their song numbers on the music-hall stage are demurely Quakerish. Lys Gauty's white frock could be worn by a school-girl. Lucienne Boyer—who still whispers of love at the new cabaret she has opened in the rue Volney—is, as always, prim and charming in deep blue velvet. Line Viala, who has been playing her accordeon for the *poilus*, wears one of those accordeon-pleated affairs that were considered "sweetly girlish" in the early days of this century. Nadia Dauty, an immensely successful newcomer, is severe in a long-sleeved affair of black *crêpe de Chine*, and the French audience likes it that way. Next time you are over go to the Casino or the A.B.C., Très Cher.—PRISCILLA.



JACQUELINE DELUBAC IN "REMONTONS LES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES"

Sacha Guitry's new *tour de force*, now showing at the Academy Cinema, is made in the inimitably individual style of his successful *Roman d'un Tricheur*, and, like that film, is largely a one-man show. This time, however, the canvas is widened, and by way of illustration to a history lesson, a schoolmaster (Sacha Guitry) tells the tangled story of his ancestry, which turns out to be more or less the story of France. A natural son (Sacha Guitry) of Louis XV. (Sacha Guitry) marries a *tricoleuse* of the Revolution, their son (Sacha Guitry) a natural daughter of Napoleon I. (Sacha Guitry), their son (Sacha Guitry) a girl who was left as a baby on a park bench by an unidentified President of the Third Republic. Sacha Guitry (who also plays a few minor parts, such as that of Napoleon III.) is throughout the commentator on this pageant of French history, his delicate irony always the vehicle of a deep though unsentimental love for France, while the shadows of his country's story pass up and down the Champs-Élysées. Jacqueline Delubac (who was Mme. Guitry) plays one of the few parts Sacha cannot take on his own capable shoulders—that of the attractive soothsayer who foretells the death of Louis XV.

CONFESSIONS OF A SELF-MADE MAN •

STARTLING NEW YEAR REVELATIONS

By

• MICHAEL ARLEN

THIS is the time of year when writers and waiters are particularly busy. While everybody else is having a lot of fun, whether they enjoy fun or not, waiters are waiting on elderly lunatics in paper hats and writers are writing like mad.

Now, I can't tell you anything from the inside about waiters, though if the war lasts long enough there is no knowing what I shall be. But I can tell you a trade secret about writing. I can let you in on the inside. These writers are not writing because they have an irresistible urge to write, but because—this is the trade secret—they are paid to write. No writing, no money. No copy, no cash, no food. Starving babies. Now, please don't break down and cry. Let us have no fuss. It's tough, as the Rear-Admiral said when his aunt smacked him, but it's discipline.

"Knock me up," says the editor, "something about the New Year. Your Christmas article, by the way, was terrible. Now pull your socks up and write me a snappy New Year piece. Anything will do, so long as it's bright. Five quid."

"Five? Guineas, old boy."

"Quid, old boy. But mind it's brighter than your Christmas piece, which might have been written by Gandhi in a London fog, and you might also knock me up something about the Great Events of 1939."

"Can I say," the writer asks hopefully, "that they were all uncommonly lousy, and that the greater they were the lousier they seemed?"

"This paper," says the editor firmly, "is a respectable family paper. We leave telling the truth to others."

The two then leave the building in a body, and after a few drinks together the editor returns to his office to sleep, while the writer goes home to knock up something. For this kind of writing is not called writing, but—this is another trade secret, red-hot—knocking up something. Novels and plays can also be knocked up, but unless they are by the late Edgar Wallace they run the grave risk of being instantly knocked down again by the competent authorities before the public can get at them.

Students of my Works—in fourteen volumes, tastefully bound and full of charm—will remark that I have hitherto never gone into the question of the public or My public. For all writers have something to which they address themselves, and this something is called My public. It is, in the case of most authors, nothing but an illusion, but they cherish and exalt this illusion. Just give a writer or an actor but half a chance, and he will tell you enough about My public to bring tears to your eyes.

Well, I have hitherto kept very mum about mine. Shyness, you understand. But that is not to say that I do not think very highly of My public. I do: I think very highly of it indeed. I think My public is simply delicious. All writers do. We respect, we admire, we love My public. We answer their frequently fat-headed letters. The better-looking—or, shall we say, less revolting?—amongst us send them our signed photographs. We fawn on My public. You bet we fawn.

Now let us consider calmly why we do this, since it has been established by internationally famous experts that the public is an ass—as the public itself vociferously agrees, by standing about in its tens of thousands in icy weather, while no more than twenty-two, or at most thirty, of them have the sense to run about to keep warm, and by trampling each other under foot at railway stations to catch a glimpse of some "hipless, bustless, chinless, witless" American film-star. Why, then, do writers envy football players and film-stars the hold they have on the public? I see that I must give away yet another trade secret. Well, we have here on the one hand, lo! a writer's overdraft, which is howling after him like a mad dog. While we have here on the other hand, behold! the jolly old public with its jolly old cash in hand. The generous, the grateful public, for whom nothing is too good. One sees the connection, no? One spots the crux?

The sordid, earthy motive? And doesn't one then see why, once given the above fruity data, the writer makes the mind a blank and dives into the till?

But you should just hear a bunch of them together when on the subject. Dignified, sober chaps, too. Household words to you. They lock the door first, of course, and plug all possible outlets. And then, you *would* be surprised. Your ears would burn you up. You would never buy a book again. You buy darn few, anyway, and then mainly at sixpence, so what do you expect? Sixpence! What do you want for sixpence—Shakespeare and Wodehouse in one?

In the meanwhile we have left our writer knocking up something bright and chatty for the family circle during the "festive" season. He has to wish My public a Happy New Year. He has knocked up this kind of tripe for more than twenty years, and can do it in his sleep. Indeed, he has to do it in his sleep, for should he wake up he might knock up something original and then there would be the devil to pay—scowls from his editor, indignant letters from My public, gradual starvation, and finally a job in the Ministry of Information.

He is awake at the moment, and is therefore writing with great difficulty. He stares gloomily at what he has already written—

We are now on the threshold of yet another beastly year. Nothing can be gained by concealing the fact that 1939 was bad enough in every way imaginable, but 1940 already wears all the earmarks of a real stinker. Unfortunately, there is nothing at all we can do about this, though this seems unfair. We ought to be able to give 1940 back in exchange for another year, but we are not allowed to. We have been Time's best customers for millions of years, but still we get no special consideration. It is sticking out a mile that in 1940 we have bought a real dud, and for a hell of a lot of money, too, but will the old chap let us give it back? Old Father Time can and does cheat the pants off us, but still we can do nothing about it. I deprecate this, and would very much like to take a sock at the old swindler. Well, I wish you all a Happy New Year. Not that I can see you making the grade. Personally, if the noise going on all around us would only let me, I should like to sleep through it all. But, of course, one can't do that. How would the world go round if everybody just went to sleep? Though why the world should go round at all beats me, if it can't make a better job of it than it does. Well, anyway, here's a Happy New...

He tore it up, and said to his wife: "It's no go. I simply can't do any more."

She looked at him accusingly. "Of course you can. You've been thinking again, that's your trouble. You know you never can write when you think."

"Good Lord, woman, a man must think sometimes!"

"Absolute nonsense! Other writers don't. Now be a good boy and knock up something before dinner. Why don't you do the *I Sometimes Wonder*?"

"Again?" he said wistfully.

"They always lap it up, dear."

Closing his eyes, he wrote steadily and with quiet dignity.

I sometimes wonder whether we are properly grateful for the small blessings which are shown to us in even the most difficult times. The thoughtless may say, with superficial justification, that the year we have just discarded is not one that we shall ever regret. But I wonder if that is quite true. It seems to me that the past year, violent though it has been in many ways, has given us all many splendid examples of humanity and disinterestedness from which we can all profit. We emerge from it, not weakened by the spectacle of greed and evil and violence, but fortified by our faith in better things to come. And now we greet 1940. Perhaps Father Time, in his unfathomable mind always just and honourable in all his dealings with struggling mankind, has wonderful surprises for us this year. I sometimes wonder whether—

The writer's wife tapped his shoulder. "Wake up now, dear. It's dinner-time. You've started off magnificently."



Yvonne Gregory

ENGAGED: MISS PEGGY BISHOP

The engagement of the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Bishop, and of Mrs. A. L. Savory, to Mr. George Cavendish-Maxwell was announced early in December. Mr. Maxwell is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Maxwell, of Sudborough Manor, near Kettering.



BACK-GROUND FOR BIRTH

BY LAURENCE LE GUAY (SYDNEY)

One of the most beautiful studies of the many which are embodied in "Photograms of the Year, 1940," the pictorial annual which is now in the forty-fifth year of its publication and enjoys such a wide popularity with photographers all over the world and with the artistically-minded section of the public. It is edited by Mr. F. J. Mortimer, Hon. F.R.P.S., the editor of other photographic publications and the author of "Marine Photography," and is published by Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, Ltd. In his foreword the editor says that while modern progress in photography may be checked by an outbreak of war, he still hopes that when the first shock of the present struggle has worn off, we may look forward to a remarkable collection of photographic records of what happened. The beautiful picture reproduced above is in the nature of an allegory, in which the intention and idea are clearly expressed and the grouping of the subsidiary figures most effective.

SOCIETY PORTRAITS



LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK

Harlip

The eldest of the three daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, who, like the rest of the family, is keen on fox-hunting, this being very understandable, since her father is Joint-Master of that historic pack, the Rufford, some of whose recent doings are pictured on another page in this issue. Lady Margaret's grandparents, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are so universally beloved, celebrated their golden wedding in July



LADY DAPHNE

The Marquess of Tavistock, above very attractive portrait, of Bedford, and was formerly "Die Hards," the Middlessex Russell is Lord and Lady but there are two sons, Lord Hug

OF THE MOMENT



Hay Wrightson

E RUSSELL

father of the original of the
is the only son of the Duke
in a battalion of the famous
Regiment. Lady Daphne
Tavistock's only daughter,
and Howland, the heir, and
h Russell



Harlip

LADY IRENE HAIG

Youngest daughter of the famous officer who led our armies to victory in that last war which the world hoped was to be the one to end all war, Lady Irene Haig is doing her bit for her country in the V.A.D.s. Her brother, Lord Haig, has followed his father into the Army and got his commission direct from his university. After Stowe, Lord Haig went up to The House. His second sister, Lady Victoria Scott, married a kinsman of the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. C. A. Montagu-Douglas-Scott

"BACK TO THE

SEA AGAIN"

CAPTAIN ARTHUR MARSDEN, R.N., M.P.,
MEMBER FOR CHERTSEYREAR-ADMIRAL WELLWOOD
MAXWELL, C.M.G.CAPTAIN E. C. STANLEY ORDERED
TO FACE THE CAMERA

LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. J. R. PARAMORE

CAPTAIN E. W. SWAN, R.N.V.R., MISS A.
CURTIS, W.R.E.N., AND CAPTAIN CHARLES DE
BURGH, R.N., ON A NAVAL STAFF IN A
CERTAIN NORTHERN PORT

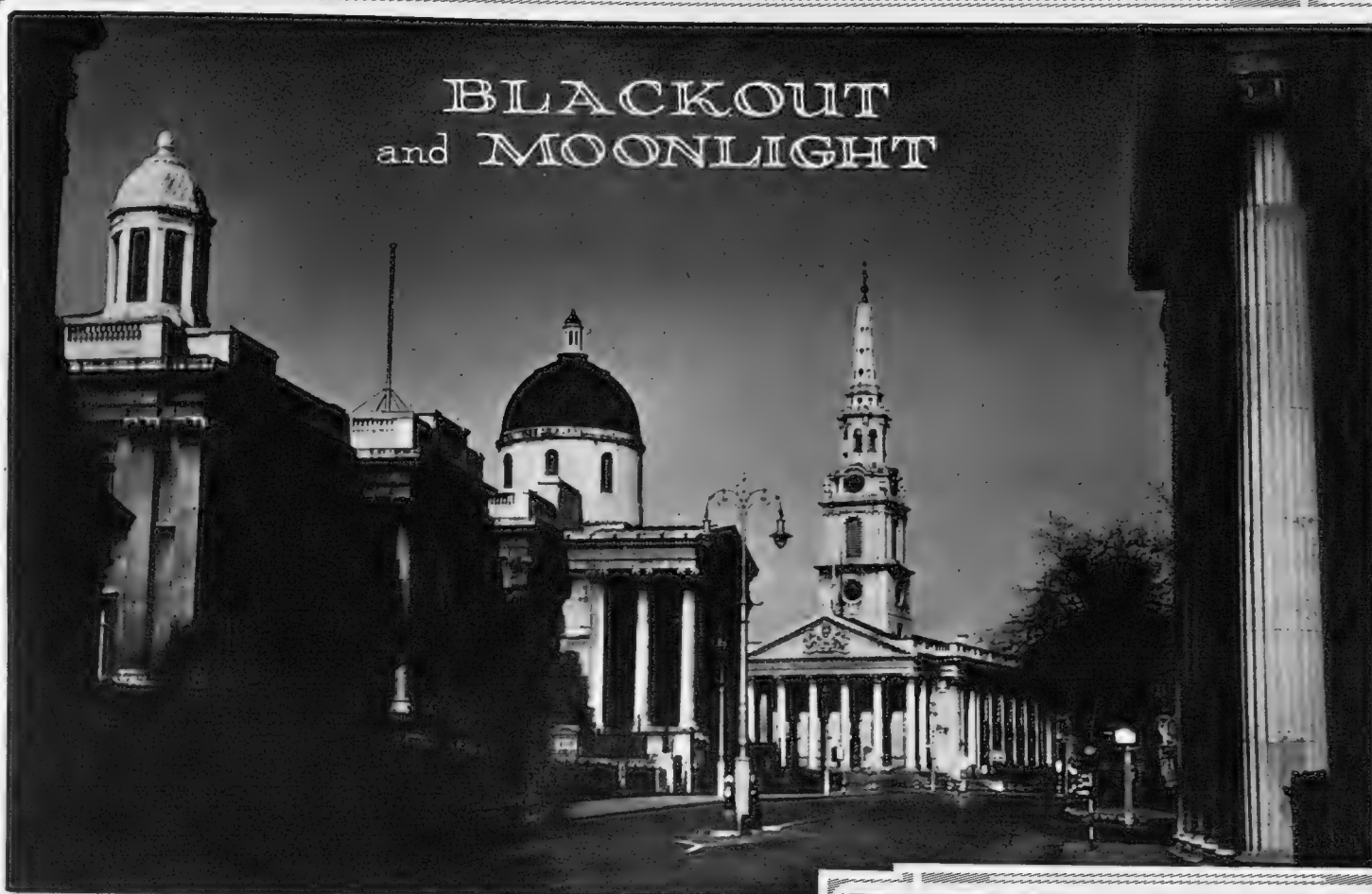
LIEUT.-COMMANDER GEORGE CURZON

LIEUT.-COMMANDER S. ROBBINS,
R.N.R.

This page having to do with that Silent Service which has been making a dashed sight more noise than any Raeder likes, a Trappist ought to be told off to do the explanation stuff. However, there is no harm in mentioning that this Admiral has his H.Q. somewhere and that almost all his staff is composed of officers who rejoined immediately on the outbreak, no matter what they were doing, being a Member of Parliament, like Captain Arthur Marsden, or a successful actor, like the Admiral's Flag-Captain, George Curzon. The Admiral himself retired in 1934 and has been living the life of a country squire somewhere in the Pytchley country. Rear-Admiral Maxwell's last ship was H.M.S. "Valiant." Miss Curtis, seen with two more of the Admiral's good-looking staff, is O.C. Wrens in this particular area. Captain Swan, one of the officers in the picture, is an expert on gun-mounting

CAPTAIN H. S. M. HARRISON-
WALLACE, R.N.

BLACKOUT and MOONLIGHT



THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
SEEN IN NEW BEAUTY



ST. PAUL'S AND LUDGATE HILL
IN MOONLIGHT AND SHADOW

AS CLEAR AS DAY: A PICTURE OF THE LAW COURTS
TAKEN AN HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT



Many people have noticed with appreciation the new quality of beauty which has disclosed itself in London's fine buildings on moonlight nights now that war conditions have cut off the millions of candle-power of garish light with which street lamps and electric signs normally flood the metropolis, dimming the moon to Shelley's "dying lady, lean and pale," a quality strikingly illustrated by these remarkable photographs of present-day London after midnight. Above are some of London's most familiar landmarks seen as few can have seen them before, free from the eternal daytime bustle of traffic round their feet and revealing fresh nuances of light and shade in "the sister's softer light"



SOME OF "THE HORSE" WITH THE PYTCHLEY

The officers are, telling off from the left of the picture: Lieut. Phelps, Lieut. H. Cunningham and Lieut. Robin Grant Lawson, brother of Sir Peter Grant Lawson (Household Cavalry), whose engagement to Miss Virginia Dean has just been announced

PROBABLY the thing of which most people are in search in these times when nerves are a bit apt to get stretched almost to snapping-point is something that will take them as far away from it as possible. One of the best antidotes I have struck—at any rate, for sportsmen fond of the things called huntin', racin' and shootin'—is Eugene de Horthy's book, "The Sport of a Lifetime" (Arnold; 21s.), a copy of which has been very kindly sent me. The author is a brother of the famous Admiral, the Regent of Hungary, who, so I should think, would be glad to re-read this or any other escape-book at a moment when it is quite uncertain which of the wild beasts will pounce first on his country, of which I have a personal very pleasant, if very fleeting, memory.

It is said of Eugene de Horthy that he has shot everything from an elephant to a mosquito, and after reading this very charmingly written record I find no difficulty at all in believing that to be true. He started riding races when he

was a small boy at school, quite unknown to his sire, who would have frowned upon any such exploit, keen though his father was upon equitation in any form, and he has hunted the fox in Transylvania with the Al-sozsuk and other packs, and he has ridden over some most extraordinary courses, one of which rose to an altitude of 900 feet and descended for three-quarters of a mile at an angle of 45°. Eugene de Horthy says that unless you got to the top of that hill in the first flight you had not a hope. The fences, he says, were nothing compared to the rest of it. I can quite imagine this, for horses have died ere now getting to the top of Burrough Hill, which is nothing like this mountain at Zsuk. Hunting was very cheap, a 60-florin (£5) subscription seeing you through for the season, and if you had no horses of your own, you could hire a couple of Government stallions for 300 florins (about £25) for the whole season. It sounds almost too like Paradise to be true, but it was true all the same. This was pre-this war, but would be so again if only the Disturbers would leave Europe alone and let her live her life in peace.

It is the shooting side of interest the general reader most, mainly because, so I think, it is all so humorously written, and without that bombast and exaggeration which too often creeps into recitals of this description. The stories which may intrigue people most are those of the author's experiences in Kenya. Eugene de Horthy has not a vast respect for the African lion and is a bit scornful of him. Listen to this:

The King of animals! I am not a revolutionary, but I am not inclined to give my vote for the title to the lion! Man is not competent to elect the King of animals. The fact that man is frightened of him is no adequate reason for according to the lion the title of King.

Other animals, anyway, do not think quite so

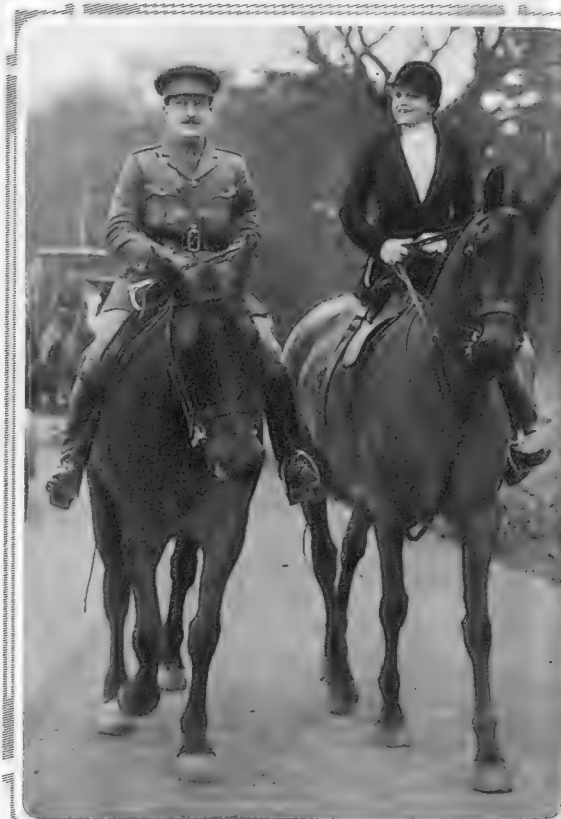
Pictures in the Fire



Dorothy Wilding

MISS CREINA CONSTANT

Formerly a member of the Civil Air Guard, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Constant's daughter is now a volunteer in the A.T.S.



Howard Barrett

RECENTLY WITH THE RUFFORD

The actual spot was the fixture at Carlton Station, and the part of the field seen in the picture are Lieut.-Colonel Lane-Fox and Mrs. Morrison. Some more pictures of Rufford doings appear on another page



DARTMOUTH ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE PRESENTS
"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL"

The Navy can do anything, as we (and also "Herr Scuttler") know only too well, and the James Bridie play all about the adventures of Tobias and an angel was by no means out of the range of the officers, Masters and Cadets of the R.N.C., Dartmouth

By "SABRETACHE"

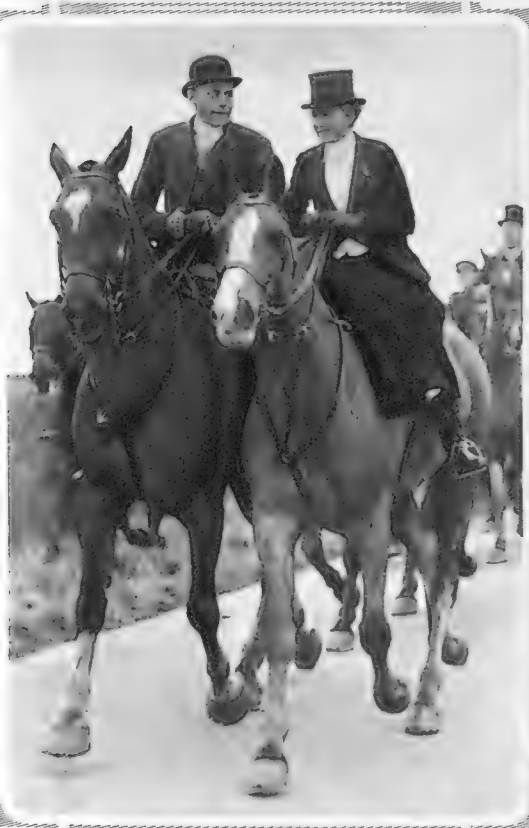


BASSANO

LADY SHEPPERSON

Who is serving at the Headquarters of the W.A.A.F., is the attractive wife of Sir Ernest Whittome Shepperson, the sitting Member for Leominster

should think just about the fiercest thing in all jungleland. Eugene de Horthy, so I see, has killed his tiger in Indo-China, but has never, so far, had a go at the real Bengal variety, which is bigger and lacks nothing in courage and ferocity. I cannot see any antelope or any other



Howard Barrett

LORD BARNBY AND LADY TITCHFIELD

The former Master of the Blankney with the wife of one of the present Masters of the Rufford, with which hounds this snapshot was taken on the Carlton Station day

much of him as man does. The author writes :

I have seen him wandering about in broad daylight nearly touching the tails of zebras and antelopes. No notice was taken. A zebra would look up and, seeing him, would go on browsing. If I had a say in it, I would, without hesitation, give my vote to the elephant. He has no respect for anybody. He recognises no obstacle, and all animals try to get out of his way.

* * *

This is all no doubt true from the awe-inspiring point of view, but how about that very ugly customer the Tsain, habitat Burma, who also brooks no

interference and will charge the moment he gets the wind of the pursuing human ? He is not as big as an elephant, but quite big enough for all practical intents and purposes—about 18 hands—and I should think just about the fiercest thing in all jungleland. Eugene de Horthy, so I see, has killed his tiger in Indo-China, but has never, so far, had a go at the real Bengal variety, which is bigger and lacks nothing in courage and ferocity. I cannot see any antelope or any other game being unconcerned if a tiger, hungry or otherwise, were sniffing at his tail. Nothing lingers very long when it gets wind of him. However, you cannot meet the whole of the world's menagerie, no matter how enthusiastic you may be. The author of "The Sport of a Lifetime" has met and slain most of the beasts of the field, and his record of his adventures is such good reading because it is all so modestly told.

* * *

An appropriate communication to the misleader of Germany at this or any other time is this short passage from one of the essays of the learned Bacon :

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel and said : " What a dust do I raise ! " So there are some vain persons, that, whatsoever goeth



THE MASTER AND WHIPS OF "THE BLACK AND TANS"

Mr. J. C. Ryan and his daughters, who are turning hounds to him this season. Mr. Ryan has Mr. C. Thompson as his joint with the Scarteen, but at the time the picture was taken the latter was absent in England

alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. They that are glorious must needs be factious, for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts, neither can they be secret and therefore not effectual ; but according to the French proverb "*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit* . . ."

They forget all that has ever been said about " mortal sovereignty " and how Sultan after Sultan with his pomp abode his hour or two and went his way. The misleader of Germany is well on his way and is so dumb-witted as not to realise it.

Self-conceit has been the undoing of many a bigger man than Adolf. Alexander suffered badly from it : Napoleon even more so. Almost all murderers do, and, like Hitler, so many of them are appalling prigs and have often killed because they have believed that that was the only way by which they could stop the " nibors " talking. The criminal records bear this out.



Compton Collier

A FAMILY GROUP AT PALACE HOUSE, BEAULIEU

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, the former Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, with her youngest son, Robin Pleydell-Bouverie, and her children by her first marriage. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. Anne, the Hon. Caroline, and the Hon. Mary Scott-Montagu. Commander the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie is serving in the Navy

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART



Vandyk

MR. JAMES FAIRBAIRN

The Australian Minister for Air, who recently gave a very inspiring talk over the British radio, is one of the distinguished band of Dominion statesmen who are leading their countries' magnificent contribution to Britain's war effort. Mr. Fairbairn flew to London from New York after taking part in the Ottawa discussions on the training of Australian pilots. A nephew of the late Steve Fairbairn, Cambridge's famous rowing coach, Mr. Fairbairn has himself considerable flying experience, having for years piloted his own machine in Australia.

way the Dominions are coming into our present air effort, therefore, I look with confidence towards the future. Provided the design and manufacturing genius of this country supplies them with good aeroplanes, there is no doubt whatever that those men will fight with a dash and devilry that will cause not a little anxiety to the hordes of Hermann Goering.

And the Dominion Air Training scheme is more than a scheme for obtaining the finest aerial force in the world. It is a scheme which must bind the Empire more closely together. Canada will be the centre on which pilots from Australia, New Zealand and this country will converge. So there will be an interchange of men as well as of materials and one half of the world will gradually come to know how the other half lives. It may be that this scheme will lay the foundations for a more understanding and more tolerant world in the future. At any rate, it will be of the greatest value to this Empire.

Snow.

So once again we have to thank Sir Kingsley Wood and Captain Harold Balfour for the way in which they have worked for increasing British air strength. Canada has many advantages as a training centre. In the first place, the weather there is better than here. I gather that the method of ploughing and then rolling snow makes it usable by aeroplanes with wheeled undercarriages, so that it is only during the four weeks of thaw that training is liable to

Dominion Air Training.

THOSE who took part in the bicker of 1914-18 will recall that the pilots, observers and air gunners who came from the Dominions set altogether new standards in toughness and proved themselves the stoutest-hearted fighting men on earth. We had some of them in the fighter squadron with which I served, and their toughness was a thing to marvel at. When once they had engaged the enemy, nothing—not the risk of running out of petrol far over the lines or even the risk of missing breakfast—would make them break off until the enemy had been finally disposed of.

When I see the

interruption. Again, there are plenty of aerodromes and aerodrome sites in Canada, whereas there are not too many over here. Finally, the fuel used for the training, which is a considerable amount, does not have to be transported to Great Britain, but is ready on the spot.

But no matter how great the advantages, little could have been done without the wholehearted co-operation of the Dominions. This has been forthcoming in a really amazing way. There has been nothing finer in this war than the way in which the Dominions have rallied round, and in the air, as in other fields of action, the Germans are going to feel their weight.

Fighters.

Aerial battles have been boiling up more vigorously lately and I should not now be surprised at any moment to see an increase in general air activity. The weather is still unsuitable for large-scale air operations, but Germany's hand may be forced by the various patrols which are being performed by the Royal Air Force.

And a word of praise must be said here for the way in which the officers and men who have formed the crews of the aeroplanes of the Bomber Command which have been engaged on these patrols have done their duty. It is difficult enough to fight an air battle effectively when near home, but to stand and fight three or four hundred miles from the nearest friendly territory takes skill and courage of a high order. It takes skill and courage of an even higher order when the fighting has to be done from bombing aeroplanes and



THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE

This picture was taken in the Operations room at R.A.F. Headquarters in France. Senior officers are seen calculating distances and routes to be flown on those invaluable reconnaissance flights over the Siegfried Line which at present form so large a part of the R.A.F.'s work in France.

when the enemy is sending against them its latest fighters.

I am writing these notes shortly after the Air Ministry communiqué was issued about the first big battle in which the Messerschmitt 110 twin-engined fighters took part. We lost some machines and many good men, but the Germans also lost heavily. And the cheerful thing is the way in which our pilots and crews stood and fought miles over enemy country while the Germans sent up wave on wave of the latest fighters they possess to try and cope with them. No doubt about it, the old spirit of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service still lives in the men of the Royal Air Force to-day!



RELAXATION IN THE MESS

The steady eye and hand which are so essential to flying men make good billiard players, and here in the officers' mess of an R.A.F. station somewhere in England is Flight-Lieut. C. A. Wright sighting for a tricky shot, while his opponent, Flight-Lieut. J. R. Morgan, looks on.

THE RUFFORD IN GREAT HEART!



LADY ROSEMARY NUTTING AND
LADY MAY ABEL SMITH



MISS SEYMOUR, LADY PEGGY AND LADY ANNE
CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AT CARLTON STATION



MRS. LEGGE BOURKE AND
THE HON. MRS. DILLON



MRS. MACKENZIE-CHARRINGTON
AND MRS. NEVILLE CRUMP



Howard Barrett

CAPTAIN H. R. MARSH, LORD LEWISHAM
AND MR. G. J. W. TURNER



MRS. R. THOMPSON AND MR.
CHARRINGTON AT KNEESALL

These pictures were more or less a right-and-left at two recent fixtures of the renowned "Henry Bentinck" hounds, and this is said in spite of the fact that great hound-breeder, Mr. Foljambe, having been in the country before Lord Henry. One of the Masters is a direct descendant, and two of his daughters, Lady Peggy and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, are in the centre top picture. Lord Titchfield's partner is that popular personality, Colonel Thompson, whose wife is in one of the snapshots at the bottom. Lord Lewisham, Lord Dartmouth's son and heir, is in the same Yeomanry Cavalry as the two officers who are with him. Lady Rosemary Nutting, who is with Lady May Abel Smith, is the daughter-in-law of the Master of the Quorn and Lady Nutting, and is a daughter of the late Lord St. Germans and Lady Blanche Douglas. Mr. Edric Nutting is in the Household Cavalry, and so is Major Henry Abel Smith—same regiment, in fact



MISS OLGA KLINGENBERG



MISS JOAN INGRAM AND MISS PAT HERVEY



MRS. SHEILA McKECHNIE AND HER TAXI

Photos: Stuart

These ladies now doing their bit on the Home Front are all well known in the world of sport and are wielding steering-wheels as efficiently as they do rackets. Miss Klingenberg was captain of the Ladies' Carlton Club squash team before becoming an Assistant Section-Leader in the Air Ministry transport section, on duty to drive officials from one unknown destination to another twenty-four hours a day. Miss Ingram, who has played in Wightman Cup matches, and Miss Pat Hervey, a well-known Queen's Club squash expert, are fellow-ambulance drivers at a Central London station; while Mrs. McKechnie, England's second-ranked squash player, has charge of one of those converted taxis taken over by the A.F.S. and in the intervals of work defeats her male colleagues at squash.

Fun with the Ambulances.

THERE are too many reports about the difficulty of starting up ambulance engines, so ably manned by the country's young women. These girls are twisting their insides out trying to swing big engines every few hours. It isn't fair. Whoever is head man or woman in the areas from which come the complaints put this starting trouble right at once.

What happened to begin with was that the authorities bought up a lot of high-powered and semi-obsolete cars at about £30 a time. Naturally they were not in the best of tune, and the batteries in many cases were worn out. These cars were set to haul old and new ambulance trailer-vans. And some of the latter need improving too.

Sticking It.

One fair ambulance driver of my acquaintance was told during the early days of the black-out to park her vehicle under an archway somewhere in London. After an uneventful run, she found the place, but was mysteriously brought to a standstill when she tried to enter. Unseen hands, it seemed, were holding her back. It was difficult in the blackness to see what had happened, but eventually she discovered that the ambulance roof had got wedged under the arch, and it was impossible to move the vehicle without tearing the body off. Being a resourceful person, what do you think she did? Deflated the tyres, which gave the necessary clearance.

That story reminds me of another which occurred in the last war. A friend of mine, wishing to demonstrate the possibilities of gas-power to a gathering of experts, had a charabanc fitted up with a huge gas-bag, which was duly and impressively inflated in a garage, preparatory to taking the experts out for a demonstration. But, alas! the thing was so puffed up with its own importance that it failed to pass out of the garage entrance, and that part of the entertainment had to be abandoned.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES



Stuart

MRS. BRYAN S. WOLFE

The chairman of the Women's Squash Rackets Association rides to and from her work as a fire-station driver on a bicycle presented to her by members of the Association for the purpose. Mrs. Wolfe has twice captained the British Wolfe-Noel Cup team against the United States, and has won many squash trophies on her own account.

Village Air-Raid Practice.

The village air-raid practice, a full-scale affair with real St. John and Red Cross men and women and ambulances, provided some amusing incidents. One girl driver, supposed to be moving a casualty with a broken femur,

I believe the word is, was asked by the St. John man at what speed she would go. "Not more than thirty," she answered. "My dear lady," said the expert, "you'd kill your patient in the first mile. Keep down to five miles per hour." At this practice, the experts tied labels on the casualties, which described their injuries. Then the amateur first-aiders had to succour them accordingly, applying their text-book and lecture-acquired technique as best they could. Result, one case had the wrong leg put in splints, one had a tourniquet so tightly tied that he would certainly have succumbed, while the boy who was artificially respiration returned home a mass of bruises. Another boy, whose nose was supposed to have been broken, came back with hardly any nose at all.

A Very Efficient City.

A few days in Coventry proved what an efficient city it is as regards its transport arrangements. First, 99 per cent. of the cyclists that disgorge themselves from the factories in the black-out carry really bright rear lights. Then the central standards are lit in such a way that they can be clearly seen—a very different state of affairs to the style adopted in Leamington Spa, Coventry's residential opposite number. Another thing about Coventry is the speed of the Daimler buses in the dark. A conductor told me they were maintaining the same schedule as that in force under normal lighting conditions.

Air-Raid Shelters de Luxe.

I found excellent air-raid shelters in Coventry. Each factory prides itself that its own shelters are the best in the city. Some are most elaborately fitted with central heating and hot and cold running water, and if one didn't know what it was one might well imagine one was in a flat of the more modern sort.

NOT A THOUSAND MILES FROM PICCADILLY SNAPSHOTS FROM THE WEST-END FRONT



MR. H. R. HUNLOKE, M.P., LADY ANNE HUNLOKE
AND MR. RALPH COBBOLD



MISS JANE CARR AND MAJOR AND MRS. CALTHORPE
AT QUAGLINO'S



MR. TOM EGERTON, THE HON. DEBORAH FREEMAN-MITFORD,
THE HON. URSULA MILLS AND LORD EDWARD FITZMAURICE



MRS. DALE BOURN, SQUADRON-LEADER BRIAN THYNNE
AND MR. AND MRS. MURRAY-SMITH AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



BARONESS WINTERSTEIN GILLESPIE
AND MR. THOMAS WELDON

The idea that certain gentlemen in Berlin or even our own more Dora-minded statesmen could put the damper on the West End's night life has been pretty quickly and effectively scotched and all quarters report a rattling good Christmas and New Year festivity, and plenty of good champagne was drunk without the encouragement of Herr von ("Tovarich") Ribbentrop. Highlights at the Café de Paris, always a great rallying ground for well-knowns, included, when the photographer made his round, Sylvia Lloyd Thomas, daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas, that very great G.R., and of Lord Bellew's sister, who was with Lord Harlech's heir, to whom she recently became engaged. In another Café de Paris party were the Hon. Ursula Mills, second daughter of Lord Hillingdon, and Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Lansdowne; while Mr. Henry Hunloke, M.P. for Western Derbyshire, who is in a Yeomanry regiment, was with his wife, the youngest sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold

Photos: Swogbe



THE HON. DAVID ORMSBY-GORE
AND MISS SYLVIA LLOYD THOMAS

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THROUGH the blackness of the night, the warden plodded on his rounds. Stumbling up and down kerbs and round corners, he suddenly realised that he was hopelessly lost.

He stumbled on, and then suddenly there was a gleam of light in the utter darkness. In that house across the street a strong glimmer shone from an upstairs window.

Groping his way across the road, he knocked on the door. It was opened by some invisible person.

"One of your upstairs lights is showing," he said sternly. "Please put it out, and—"

A voice he knew only too well interrupted him.

"Come in and put it out yourself, idiot! You left it on!"

* * *

PC. Muldoon had never made an arrest during a year's work in an Irish barracks.

"Ye've been here now for twelve months, Muldoon," roared the Sergeant, "an' divil an arrest have ye made. Away up to Mr. Murphy's an' troy an' catch the fella that's stalin' his apples in the black-out."

About ten o'clock that night P.C. Muldoon saw a man walking out of Mr. Murphy's garden with a sack on his back. Muldoon stopped him and examined the sack, which was full of silver.

"Heth," said Muldoon, "ye're a lucky man. If it had been apples, ye were for it."

* * *

The patient walked into the doctor's surgery.

"Doc.," he began, "I have a rather peculiar ailment. Do you think you can help me?"

"Perhaps," returned the medico modestly. "Just what is the nature of your complaint?"

"Well," said the patient, "every night at 2 a.m. I start walking in my sleep. I want you to help cure me of this habit, because it's beginning to cost me too much money."

The doctor looked perplexed.

"You say," he repeated, "that it's beginning to cost you too much money?"

"That's right," nodded the patient. "I always walk to the nearest saloon. That's the whole trouble."

The doctor shook his head.

"But I don't understand," he persisted. "Why should you, when you're walking in your sleep, always head for a saloon?"

The patient seemed a trifle annoyed.

"Oh, come now, doc.," he murmured, "be reasonable. Where else can I go at that hour of the night?"

* * *

A British destroyer was on patrol. When the Captain signalled the order to stop, the First Lieutenant appeared on the bridge.

"Why have we stopped, sir?"

"There's an enemy submarine immediately below us."

"Shall we get busy with the depth-charges, sir?"

"No; I'm sending down a diver with leaflets."



LITTLE ANGELS IN A NATIVITY PLAY AT EASTBOURNE

This play was beautifully produced by the children of St. Paul's Church of England School, Whitechapel, aided by girls from other London schools. Mrs. D. MacGregor, headmistress of the St. Paul's School, helped the children and also to make their costumes, using some old evening gowns and coats which were presented by some of the ladies of Eastbourne, where the play was put on. Little Pauline Foreman played the part of the Madonna most admirably for one so young.

The village policeman was passing the local inn, and although it was well past closing time he saw a man still sitting in the bar.

He went to the landlord.

"That man should be outside," he said.

"Yes," replied the landlord, "but I can't get him out."

"I'll soon see about that," replied the constable, and promptly pitched the unfortunate man into the street.

"Thanks," replied the landlord, "I've been trying to get him out for a long time. You see, he's the bailiff."

* * *

They hadn't been married long, and they found themselves alone in the big Swiss hotel. Together they wandered out into the great, echoing mountains.

He took her hand.

"Darling," he said, "isn't it wonderful to be alone in the vastness, with only an echo to answer us? Listen, my love."

And he shouted "Hallo!" as loud as he could.

Back came a very faint "Hallo!"

"What are you doing there?" he shouted again, and back like thunder came the "echo."

"Mind your own flaming business!"

"MARRIED FOR MONEY" AT THE ALDWYCH



MACKENZIE WARD AS THE IRREPRESSIBLE
HUSBAND

(ON LEFT) TOP TO BOTTOM, DIANA SHERIDAN,
DONALD SIMPSON, BRIAN COLEMAN,
VIOLA LYEL, NORAH SWINBURNE, FRANK
TICKLE AND ELIOT MAKEHAM

This is one of those uproarious farces all about a husband and a bit domineering missis who keeps him far too short of pocket money. Mackenzie Ward plays this hardly-used spouse who is playing hide and seek with a small fortune which he has found in a secret cupboard over the drawing-room mantelpiece. "Tom Titt" displays him at a crucial moment in the hunt. Norah Swinburne plays the very firm, but by no means really *farouche*, wife and infuses a pleasing measure of comedy. Donald Simpson and Eliot Makeham hit quite a bit of fun out of two half-wits and Viola Lyel plays a somewhat dumb kind of prude

"HUSBANDS OR LOVERS"

A SOUTH SEA COMEDY



MADELEINE CARROLL, STAR OF "HUSBANDS OR LOVERS," WITH (ABOVE) FRED MACMURRAY AND (RIGHT) CAROLYN LEE

Madeleine Carroll's new film, *Husbands or Lovers*, which again teams her with her *Café Society* leading man, Fred MacMurray, and which like that film is directed by Edward H. Griffith, is set largely in that newest haven of romance, Bali in the Dutch East Indies, where to quote the publicity department "silvered with moonlight, palm trees wave gently in a South Seas breeze, making soft, leafy music." Despite, however, this exotic setting, the film is described as a "witty, 100 per cent modern comedy" and revolves round the perennial problem of the business girl who loves a man who prefers her to be a *hausfrau*. Odd man out in the Carroll-MacMurray affair is Allan Jones, as an opera singer, while Osa Massen provides a quadrilateral element by persuading MacMurray to run away with her. "The new Paramount starlet," four-year-old Carolyn Lee, is also an instrument of the intricacies of the plot



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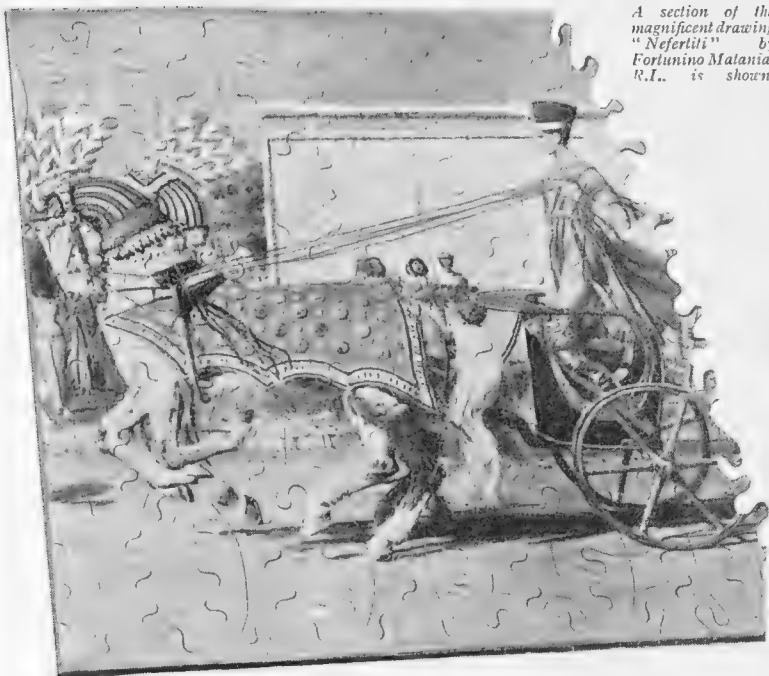


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MEN on leave must at the earliest opportunity visit Alkit, Cambridge Circus. If this is not possible ask them to send illustrations and prices of their specialities. To them must be given the credit of the smart angola cloth "British Warm" on the right. Ready to wear it is £7 0s. 0d., made to order £7 10s. 0d.



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A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti" by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown.

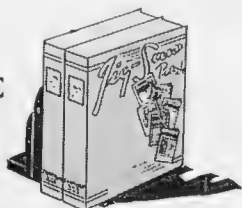
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This wedding, which was at St. George's, Hanover Square, was a union of two famous families, the Dewhursts, who hail from Wales, and the Ramsden-Jodrells of Yardsley, Cheshire. One of the Jaudrells was an archer in the service of the Black Prince, and another was body squire to Richard II. Captain Dewhurst, who is a gunner, as his father-in-law used to be, is a son of Captain and Mrs. G. P. Dewhurst, of Bodedris, Denbighshire. Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, the bride's sister, was the only bridesmaid, and Wing Commander Feilden, who is in the same group, is Captain of the King's Flight

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Ronald Allen McConaghey, 8th Punjab Regiment, only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. McConaghey, C.I.E., and Mrs. McConaghey, of Garden End, Fleet, Hants and Margaret Evelyn (Margo) only child of Colonel Crawford Boyd, I.M.S., and Mrs. Crawford Boyd, of Rosduff, Co. Waterford and Lucknow. Mr. Luke Meinertzhagen, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Meinertzhagen, of 1 Airlic Gardens, Campden Hill, and Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk, and Miss Sheila Macnamara, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Macnamara, of 20 Grosvenor Square, W.1; Mr. Edgar W. Wakefield, eldest son of Mr. Raymond Edgar Wakefield and the late Mrs. Wakefield, of 78 Farnham Avenue, Toronto, Canada, and the Lady Jean Abney-Hastings, second eldest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun, of Loudoun Castle, Galston, Scotland; Commander Archibald Eugene Hay Cameron, of Church Farm House, Chippenham, Ely, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. H. Cameron, and Miss Iona MacDonald, younger daughter of the late Captain W. B. MacDonald, D.S.O., R.N., and

of Mrs. MacDonald, of Greywell, Old Bursledon, Hants; Lieutenant H. T. Middleton, R.N., youngest son of the late Mr. T. T. Middleton and of Mrs. Tyson Middleton, of 7 Templewood Avenue, Hampstead, and Miss Joyce Patricia Sealy, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Sealy and of Mrs. Buckland, Curtle Mead, Beaulieu, Hants; Captain Peter Geoffrey Hill, R.A., youngest son of



Ramsey-Muspratt

MISS AUDREY CONSTANCE ROWSE

The engagement is announced between Lieutenant Rodney Ellis Munsey, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Munsey, of Park Town, Oxford, and Miss Audrey Constance Rowse, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Rowse, of Boars Hill, Oxford

second son of Mr. and Mrs. Meinertzhagen, of 1 Airlic Gardens, Campden Hill, and Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk, and Miss Sheila Macnamara, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Macnamara, of 20 Grosvenor Square, W.1; Mr. Edgar W. Wakefield, eldest son of Mr. Raymond Edgar Wakefield and the late Mrs. Wakefield, of 78 Farnham Avenue, Toronto, Canada, and the Lady Jean Abney-Hastings, second eldest daughter of Major R. M. C. Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun, of Loudoun Castle, Galston, Scotland; Commander Archibald Eugene Hay Cameron, of Church Farm House, Chippenham, Ely, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. H. Cameron, and Miss Iona MacDonald, younger daughter of the late Captain W. B. MacDonald, D.S.O., R.N., and



MISS KATHLEEN MARY AYRE

Whose engagement is announced to Lieutenant J. H. Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Allen, Sunningdale, Kircaldy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ayre, Drumlarig, Burntisland, Fifeshire. In addition to their joint activities on behalf of Kircaldy Hospital Pageant Committee in their capacities of Burgh Warden and Lass of Kircaldy, Miss Ayre is attached to Kircaldy Hospital in a voluntary secretarial capacity



Bertram Park

MISS ROSEMARY ELIZABETH WATSON

Whose engagement is announced to Mr. Hedleigh St. George Bond, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain H. St. G. Bond, R.E., of Toronto, and Mrs. West, of Galmpton, Devon. She is the daughter of Mr. Erskine P. Watson, I.S.E. (retired) and Mrs. Watson, of 38 Smith Terrace, Chelsea Mr. and Mrs. George M. Hill, of Friars Wood, King's Langley, Herts, and Miss Nancy Greenwood, only daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Greenwood and of Mrs. Greenwood, of 8 Devonshire Court, W.1; Sub-Lieutenant (A) Frank Dawson Paul, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mrs. F. Dawson Paul, of 6 Devonshire Close, W.1, late of Brundall, Norfolk, and Miss Pauline Cockrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Cockrell, of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, U.S.; Mr. Richard Meyrick Hewlett, younger son of Sir Richard Meyrick Hewlett, K.C.M.G., and Lady Hewlett, of Two Gates, Gerrards Cross, and Miss Joan Mary Cansdale, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Henry Murgall and Mrs. Cansdale, and step-daughter of Mr. Arthur Cansdale, of 2 Mansfield Street, W.1.

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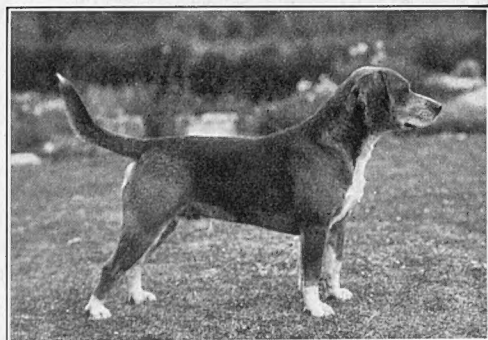
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



THE BEAGLE MARVEL

Property of Mrs. Stockley

many of the best dogs would not be able to attend, and this would give a false value to bad dogs. Probably the K.C. sees this. As regards breeding, people's own sense must tell them it is not the time to breed large numbers of dogs and not fair on the dogs. There has been a good demand for dogs, but only as companions, and this will cease as people are fitted out. Anyway, no year is less regretted than 1939!

One of the most charming dogs is the Beagle. They make perfect companions and house dogs, being small and short haired. They have not got the detachment of the Foxhound, but are devoted to their owners. Their clean coats bring in no dirt and they do not bark. Also there is always the amusement of taking them out rabbiting when their voices are a joy to listen to. Beagles are not small Foxhounds, but quite a distinct type and a very old breed. Queen Elizabeth certainly had a pack of Beagles. Mrs. Stockley has a small kennel of Beagles. Owing to various circumstances they have been reduced a good deal but she still has three lovely hounds. They are all big winners, and come from famous packs and are in the Beagle stud book. The picture is of Marvel, a big winner. Mrs. Stockley says "This hound is full of brains, keen as mustard in his work."

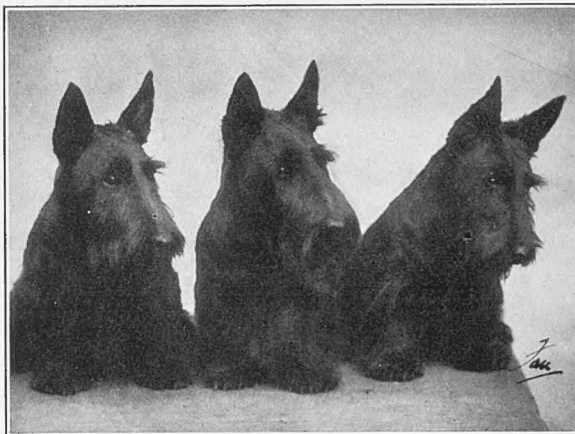
These notes will appear at the beginning of a new year. There is but one aspiration in the hearts of us all, that this year will see the coming of an honourable and lasting peace. To this end we doggy people are prepared to submit without grumbling to any restrictions as to breeding and shows. Open shows are not desirable. Owing to the difficulties of getting about and other reasons,

The French Bulldog is the ideal house dog. One cannot imagine French Bulldogs being kept in sheds or outhouses or roughly treated. He is the dog for civilized people who live in towns, which most of us really do, or have done till lately! He likes his drive in a car and his walk in the park, and the exercise that keeps you fit keeps him fit, too. Altogether a desirable inmate of a household. He is a brainy dog and very fond of his own people. The photograph is of a promising youngster, Karkassonne Voyageur. He is under two years old and has already won many firsts. Voyageur is home-bred, which makes it all the pleasanter. He is at stud by arrangement. Mrs. Peel usually has puppies for sale. If shows had continued, Voyageur would have given a good account of himself.



KARKASSONNE VOYAGEUR

Property of Mrs. Peel



A TRIO OF THE FAMOUS GAISGILL SCOTTIES

Property of Mrs. Cross

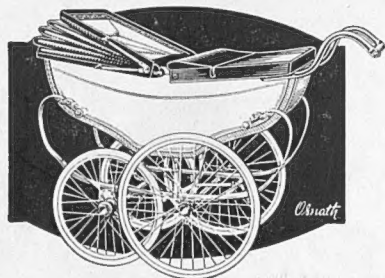
Some breeds inspire devotion in their adherents who can see no other breed. One of these is the Scottie. Both as a companion and show proposition he has legions of admirers. As a companion he is second to none, having the strong character which seems part of the equipment of dogs from hilly countries. As a show dog it is not easy to win in Scotties; competition is keen and clever brains are at work. Mrs. Cross's Gaisgill Scotties are world famous, and the photograph shows three celebrated home-bred bitches, Gaisgill Tulip, and her two daughters, Morning Glory and Valentine.

All have won challenge certificates, and would have gone on had it not been for Hitler. It can only be hoped, when things improve, that these fine specimens will again be on show. All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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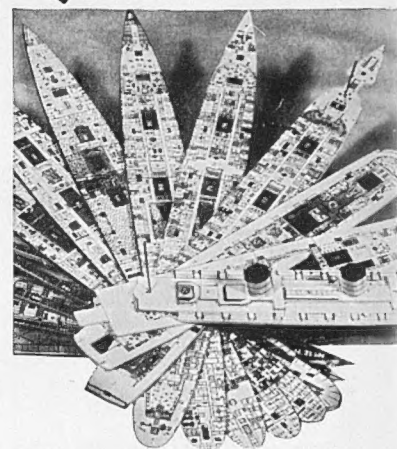
THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist Mr. G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, each measuring over three feet wide. Included among them are a submarine, a destroyer, a cruiser, an aircraft carrier and a battleship.

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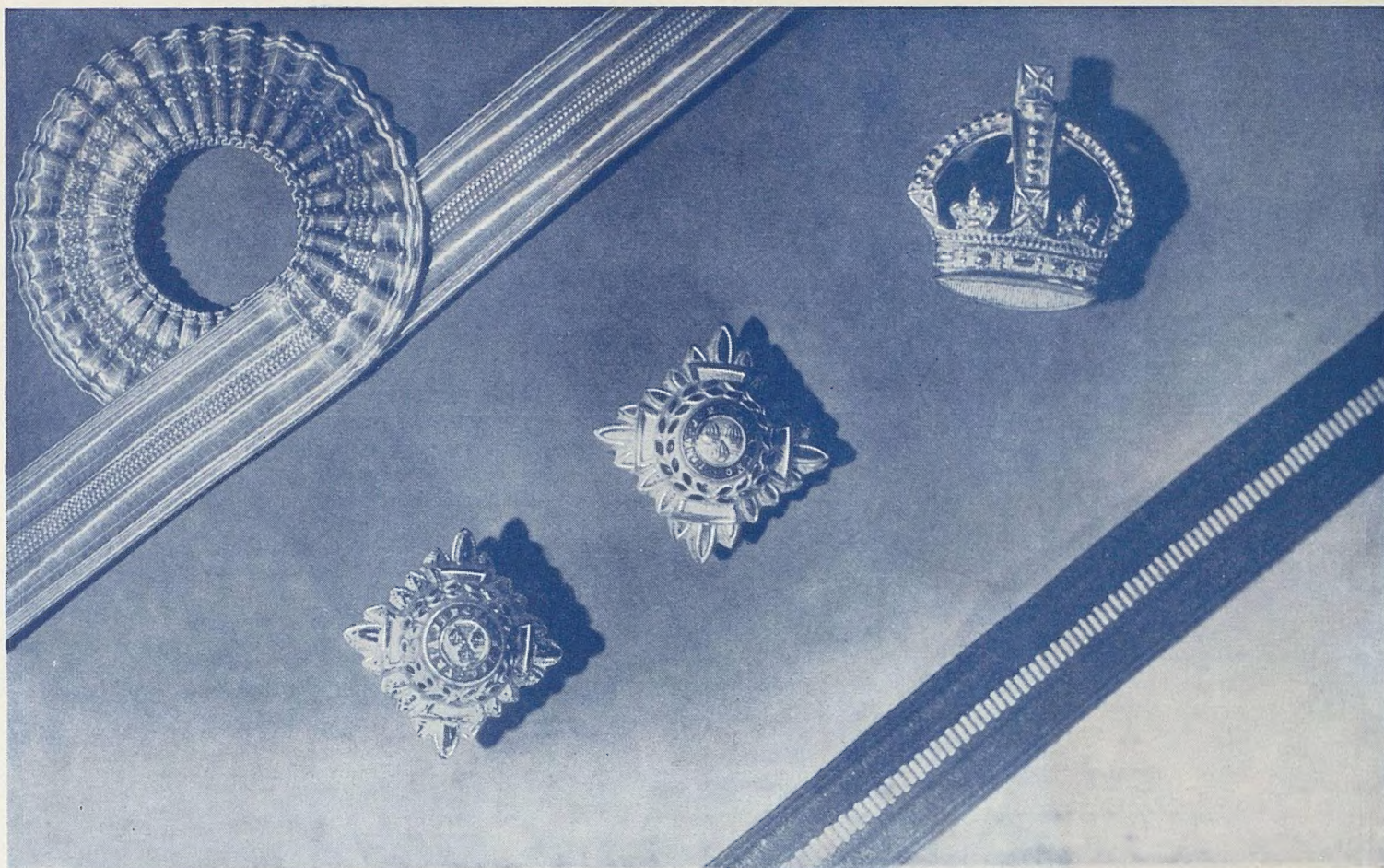
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